

TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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Around Town.

The John Eaton Company, Limited, has been stripped to the skeleton and its peculiar anatomy exposed to the public eye.

The meatless bones of that once apparently opulent business I would respectfully commend to the careful examination of those who have argued that the "department store has come to stay." This one did not stay. Its structure does not reveal much staying power. How it was galvanized into life for even a period, is hard to understand by old-time business men, who find banks and wholesale houses hard enough to satisfy along lines of even the most unquestioned integrity.

After the fire it was given out that the firm would immediately build a grand new store. The *News* said editorially that the members of the firm, being "men of large private means," would at once resume business on a big scale. The architect was understood to have the plans all ready, and it was a mere question as to how many adjoining lots could be bought or leased so that the new store could spread out over as big an area as the business warranted. With a mighty show of enterprise the work of clearing away the debris of the fire was begun. The members of the firm still talked in the large language of their advertisements. The *World* one morning contained an announcement as to the company's resumption of business; the next day it was privileged to state that the whole game was hopelessly up. There is a deficiency of over one hundred thousand dollars. Even in death the department store jollied the public. Burned to the ground, its ashes continued the trade in humbug.

It is not necessary for me to give here a tiresome recital of the shams practiced by this or other department stores. What I do wish to point out is that the present predicament of the creditors of the John Eaton Company, Limited, demonstrates the truth of much that has been written against such institutions. The hole in which these creditors find themselves was not sunk in one night, and that they should tumble into it was inevitable. This, like all department stores, was an unnatural creation meant to minister to a highly fevered and not a normal condition of trade. Like all department stores it depended for existence not upon a natural business supplying a healthy demand for merchandise, but it aimed, by administering stimulants to the buying public, to create and cater to an inordinate craving for the things it had to sell. It raised a great daily shout in the newspaper columns. It resorted to every device by which it could draw crowds so that those who bought goods should do so under stress of excitement.

It succeeded in impressing some of the people. It deluded large crowds daily into the belief that the store was a good thing for the community. Many of the present creditors looked on with equanimity. They were, as they thought, sharing in the profits, and even if the enterprise was reducing the value of real estate, depressing wages and transforming retail trade into a gambling game—they were sharing, as I have said, in the profits. But they have discovered that although the city and the buying public got the worst of it for a time, the real calamity was reserved for themselves.

Now that the game is up, who has benefited? Not the customers, who paid, value for value, as much for goods as if they had spent their money anywhere else; not the employees of the store, who grubbed along on child's pay and helped to destroy other employers of store labor; not the wholesalers, who lose more finally than they made in profits during the life of the store; not the bank, which, entrenched as it is, may find it hard to even recover its own; not the Thompson boys, who may lose even what they had; and, most emphatically, not the insurance companies. When you look for the benefits that that business yielded you find that injuries radiated from it in all directions.

Every parcel of goods that goes out from a store has a value. If it is sold for less than its value the wholesaler or manufacturer is robbed in so far as the contents of that particular parcel are concerned; if it is sold above its value, the purchaser is robbed. When a department store shuffles prices up and down every day it robs each alternately, and it requires almost superhuman intelligence to avoid going too far either way. If goods are sold below value the wholesalers discover it when their money is not forthcoming; if goods are sold above value the purchasers may discover it; but big, boastful advertisements, some daily inducement that prevents people from pricing goods and examining their merits elsewhere, make detection improbable. So they shout. The organs play. The arches of flowers are strung up. Things are made to be sold at "bargain" prices, and the extravaganzas go on, until the exceptional cost of running such a circus causes it to collapse, or until a fire burns all but the strange skeleton of the thing. And then the newspapers grow suddenly virtuous and condemn a business enterprise that has no longer any power to harm, but which they but-tressed with all their might so long as partnership with it was profitable. It is to be hoped that the daily papers that are crying pot and kettle at each other will increase in anger, for

the dispute is quite as interesting as the minute book of the John Eaton Company, Limited.

When the arguments against department stores as theoretically unsound and practically injurious to the best interests of Toronto in particular and the province in general, began to appear in SATURDAY NIGHT, the advertisements of the now defunct department store took on a loftier tone of brag than usual. It would be interesting to compare the statements made in the firm's advertisements with the actual condition of its finances as now revealed by investigation.

The bare bones of the John Eaton Company, Limited, disclose, on examination, a fact that is worth more to the business world than all that was lost by the fire and the failure, and that is this: A department store, with its slap-dash methods, may make or lose a fortune in a year, but to be solvent while facing the hazards that confront it, it must, notwithstanding the starvation wages paid and all the boasted economy that comes from concentration, make a larger percentage of profit on the volume of business done than is made by the ordinary store. It must prosper at the public expense or smash to the wholesalers' loss. The cost of management, the repairing of blunders, the expense of advertising and keeping up by various devices

colony of wind-vendors as any city can boast. It must be admitted, of course, that a company (possessing capital) can equip an expedition to operate in the almost inaccessible fastnesses of the Klondike, whereas a private individual, striking out alone, might never penetrate to the mines; yet a company organized by a couple of gentlemen while at lunch can hardly offer any very valuable shares for sale the same evening. If it were as easy to find a mine as it is to find officers for a mining company, gold would be cheaper than brass. The facts seem to suggest that there is more money in circulation than there is gold dust in sight, and the surface indications in Toronto are more alluring than in the Klondike. A promoter can probably show up more to the pan than a digger. There are several kinds of mining—Rat Portage, Sudbury and Rossland have their ores; Klondike has its gold dust and nuggets; but, after all, Toronto, with its rich vein of five and ten-dollar bills, is, so far, the best paying camp in Canada.

What about the new gold fields? There is reason to believe that every square foot of land in the Klondike valley known to contain gold has already been taken up. If you go there you can do any one of three things: (1) Buy out a claim from its present holder; (2) work for wages; (3) set out in

go up in time to get on the ground next spring they will probably go the following year, and so might as well plunge in at the outset while there still remains some chance of success. Our boys who went to the Transvaal nearly all waited until people were pouring in there from all corners of the earth. To go trailing around the globe following after the crowd as it rushes from south to north and east to west, is a profitless game. If our young men aim to get something better than that which is cast aside and trampled underfoot by the crowd, they must start early and take chances. If they wait until a cinder path is built from Toronto to the Klondike, they will find that the men who made the path won the prizes in the race. Canadians should be better able than others to withstand the rigors of a severe climate, but only young men of strong physique and confident courage should pursue the adventure.

In regard to companies that may propose to operate in the Klondike, the people who are asked to buy stock should remember that high-sounding names on the directorate are of little value, for everything depends on the plain John Smith or John Jones who goes up into the shadow of the pole to represent or misrepresent the company. Find out about John before you invest.

The attitude of the United States towards Canada is simply preposterous. The rich gold deposits are in Canadian territory, and men are rushing from every part of the republic into our gold fields to carry away the treasure, and expect to do so without let or hindrance; yet we are notified that if the British or Canadian boats apply for the privileges enjoyed by United States boats of landing passengers and freight at points other than Sitka, the request will be promptly denied. This means that the United States people intend to play hog over the route

000,000; in 1855, \$65,000,000. From that year the production declined, although the miners multiplied, but in 1890 the product was still \$40,000,000.

A comparison of the placers of the Klondike with those of California is interesting, for not only does the output of our mines in the north compare fairly well with that of California (when we make allowance for that part of it which is not yet reported), but the way the California output increased suggests that the same increase may follow in the Yukon country. Some of the greatest finds in California were made long after the first year of the boom, and now that the "habits" of gold in the extreme north have been noted, new discoveries may follow rapidly. The comparatively inexhaustible nature of placer mines is attested by the fact that the California mines are still yielding fifteen million a year.

Robert John Fleming, Mayor, or Commissioner, or whatever he is or chooses to be, must often disturb his family by bursting into loud laughter in the dark hours of the night. No man has a better right to laugh at his own jokes. The jest of advertising for an Assessment Commissioner at a salary of \$3,000 was rather funny, but of course the real programme was commenced when a committee was appointed to wait on the Mayor to see if he could be induced to accept the Commissionership himself. His Worship was so completely taken by surprise that he did not faint.

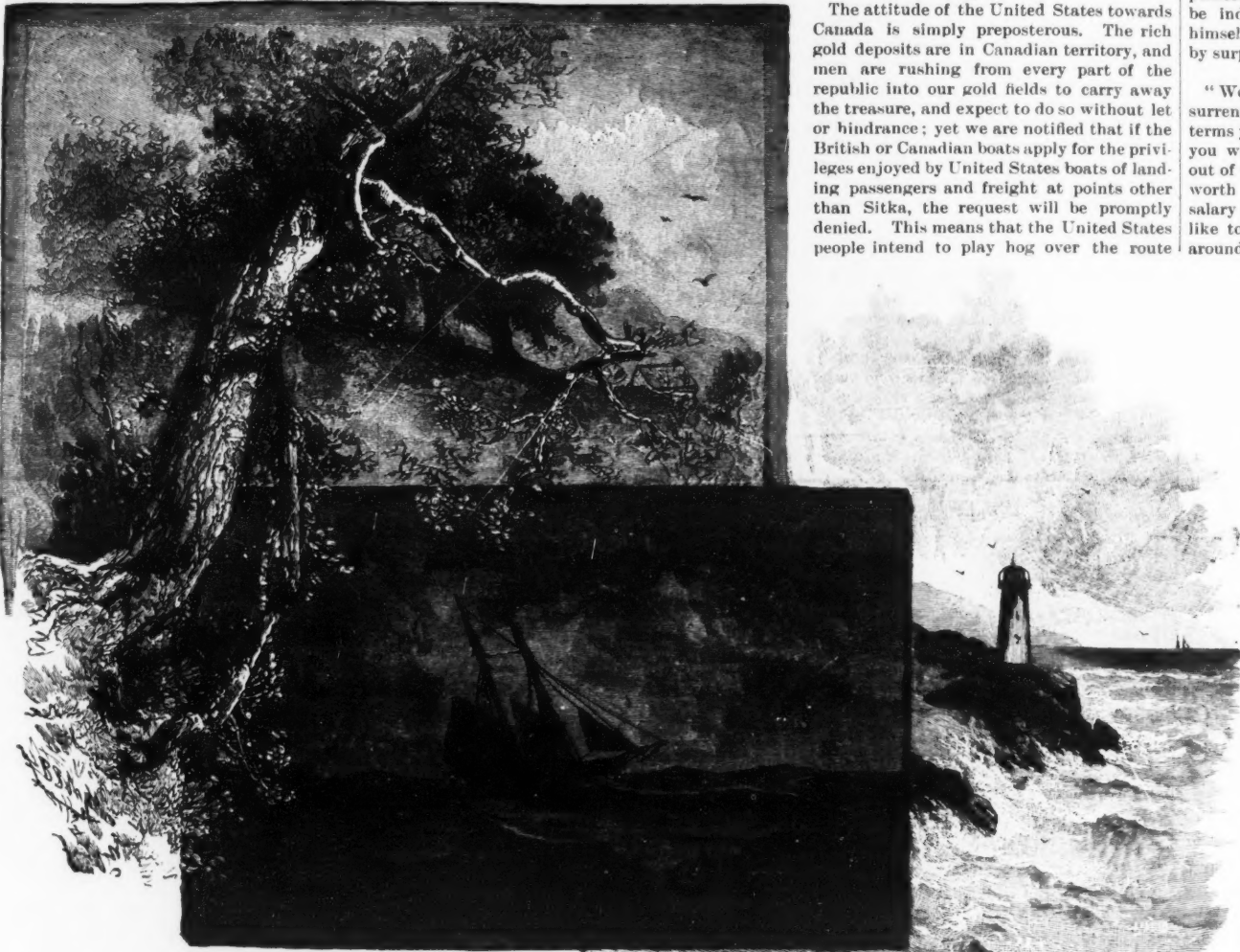
"We have come," said the deputation, "to surrender to you, and we want to know what terms you will grant us. We understand that you will give up the Mayor's chair now and be out of the struggle in January if we make it worth your while. Now, how much annual salary do you want, and what work would you like to do in return for that salary? Just look around and take your pick of duties—anything you don't see, ask for; but remember that in order to justify the payment of a big salary to you it will be necessary for you to seem occupied with bigger issues than those with which Mr. Forman now successfully copes, and will, of course, continue to handle after you are appointed. Any nice duty, full of dignity, that now belongs to the Mayor, or the chairman of the property committee, or any other committee or civic official, is yours if you say the word. We all recognize that you have us in a hole, for if we don't give you the earth, you will keep the Mayoralty." This was, in effect, what the deputation said to Mayor Fleming, for, as the *Globe* puts it, they conferred "with the Mayor as to the duties he would assume and the salary he desired."

And Mayor Fleming, in effect, answered and said: "I want a salary that will be \$700 a year more than will be paid to the man who is elected Mayor for 1898 and head of the Board of Control. I demand more money, and I demand also that the Mayoralty, before I lay it down, shall be shorn of its importance, and its importance carried by me into the office created for me, so that I shall be a stronger power than the Mayor of 1898. He shall be the king, a figurehead; I shall be the premier, the actual ruler and policy-maker. Now then, you know where I stand. If you won't agree to this I shall stay in the ring."

R. J. Fleming, if he gets the premiership of the city, will not be caught in a trap, as some of the aldermen may possibly think. He proposes to hold this lucrative office until "something turns up," but if nothing turns up and a future Mayor and Council try to cut his salary and circumscribe his office, what will the policy-maker of the city do? He will get up some big scheme, pick a quarrel with the Council and then jump into the Mayoralty contest once more to have his enterprising policy vindicated. This will be the weapon he will use.

Mr. Fleming confidently states that he is worth much more than five thousand dollars per annum to the city. If he will insert an advertisement in the "Want" columns of the *Telegram* offering his services for that sum, or for half of it, it is not likely that he will get even one favorable answer. Where did he demonstrate his value? Not in the business world. His stock-in-trade is his power to poll a vote in Toronto, and only aldermen and premiers appreciate the value of such goods. No premier is shopping just now.

By what right does Robert John Fleming sit in the Mayor's chair and dicker with the aldermen of Toronto for a job? Is that seat meant to be used by a man in the act of suing the aldermen to create an office and appoint him to fill it? Whether there was previous intrigue or not, the moment that Mr. Fleming openly listened to the suggestion that he should accept the Assessment Commissionership he should have silenced the proposal, or he should have at once resigned the Mayoralty. It is nothing short of a scandal that he should have held that office while the dickerings and bargainings of the past week have been going on, for by the very nature of things he has been incompetent to live up to his oath of office. An alderman is by law precluded from doing work for the city



a daily fever of excitement, exceed by perhaps one hundred per cent. all that is saved by concentration. This truth is the gem that comes from the crucible. The world is bigger than any person in it, and the value of merchandise is regulated by laws and influences that no man can defy. If a store gives real bargains it soon ends in the hands of an assignee; if it remains solvent its profits are raked in every night and its bargains are not real. A department store is run under exceptional expense, and if it prospers its profits are excessive, however prices and values may be shuffled to deceive purchasers.

According to the big advertisements in the daily papers, several expeditions are preparing to go, or have already gone, to the Klondike from Toronto. According to street rumors many young men are preparing to go, or have already started, on private adventures into that far country. One should not be too easily influenced, for there are men in Toronto who are singularly proficient in inserting themselves between a man and his money. The rapidity with which Klondike mining companies were formed in Toronto after the first news reached here by wire of the rich finds near Dawson City, certainly borders on the miraculous. Shares were offered us at the ridiculously low price of ten cents (par value \$1) before we had had time to consult a map to see whether the Yukon wound or where the Klondike lay. Men woke up in the morning to be startled by the intelligence that a new gold field had been discovered, and they retired the same night presidents of companies capitalized at millions and with agents either "on the spot" or "en route." Drummers from New York and other high-geared strangers cannot ever again complain that Canadians are slow. Men who can cut slices out of a gust of wind as it blows past and sell them for hard cash are not unknown in Toronto, and probably we have as alert a

search of some of the other rich beds which are supposed to exist. To go up there with the expectation of at once driving in four pegs to mark your claim next to that of a man who is taking out a thousand dollars a day, is absurd. The real sure things have all been seized by men who pioneered the boom. Next year men will swarm along every river bed in Alaska and the Mackenzie River country, and probably the one who goes to Dawson City will waste his time unless he has large capital or can play an exceptionally strong game of poker.

The coming winter in Dawson City may add its most tragic chapter to the history of mining in North America. We are told that every board and nail used in the building of the city of Johannesburg in the Transvaal had to be carried three hundred miles over land, but the golden city of the Arctic is much more remote, and for six or eight months is walled in by one thousand miles of impenetrable winter. Visit starvation on a colony of millionaires, send an arctic famine down upon a veritable gambling hole, and imagine what may happen away up there three hundred leagues north of the last plow on the hemisphere, in a climate so severe that alcohol and the human conscience freeze beside the best fire that can be made.

The newspapers are beginning to realize that in setting the continent ablaze with a gold fever they are sending hundreds of people to inevitable death. Somewhat tardily the true conditions of life on the Yukon in winter are being explained, but many have already gone unprepared for the ordeal that awaits them. I do not wish to deter any young man from trying his luck in the gold fields, and, indeed, last year and the year before that, when many young men were going to South Africa, I advised them to go to our own North-West instead, as a much greater field and one largely unexplored. Those who go to the Yukon, however, should be advised to go out there prepared to be victors rather than victims. If they do not

to the Klondike, yet expect to be neither repelled nor taxed when they cross the line and begin tearing fortunes out of our mines. We shall merit contempt if we permit this grab game to succeed. The United States alien labor law is a standing statutory insult to the people of Canada, but having let that pass, we cannot ignore the attitude of the republic in claiming a monopoly of the transportation business to our mines, to which its citizens are rushing and lugging off our treasure. The continent is halved between two peoples. One has limitless industrial wealth, the other has limitless natural wealth. If we attempt to approach their industrial wealth our right to do so is challenged, and they must be denied the right to loot our natural wealth. If our mines are opened to them at all there should be heavy disabilities imposed on them. A basis of neighborliness cannot be reached in any other way.

The placer mines of the Klondike surpass anything heretofore known, except the placer mines of California, and comparative figures of the two fields are interesting. The past year in the Klondike has probably turned out \$2,000,000 in gold. We know at least that fifteen men reached San Francisco with \$730,000 in gold dust in their possession, and that sixty-eight others arrived at Seattle with just about \$1,000,000 in their possession. Large stores of the gold dust no doubt remained behind with miners who could not persuade themselves to leave the fascinating work. The visible product is, however, about \$2,000,000 for one year's mining. California seems to have beaten this record. Gold was found there in 1848, and in the balance of that year no less than \$5,000,000 was washed up. In 1849 those placers produced \$23,000,000; in 1850, \$50,000,000; in 1851, \$55,000,000; in 1852, \$60,-

STEEPLECHASING (Illustrated). By **GEORGE W. ORTON**. See Page 6.

by contract, yet here is the Mayor, sitting in his chair, dicker for a job at double the salary ever paid for the same work before! It is indecent. R. J. Fleming should have resigned the mayoralty on Tuesday morning.

Amateur photographers who have succeeded in getting nice views in Muskoka or elsewhere are invited to send them in to TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT. Any photograph will, if desired, be returned to the owner in good order, whether an engraving from it appears in the paper or not.

Editor Saturday Night:

Sir,—Your remarks on the methods of the Toronto police are well timed. As a military organization they are very creditable, but the administration of justice at the Police Court is a farce and a disgrace. The Deputy Chief and the Morality Inspector bully the prisoners, dictate to the Bench, and interdict remarks and comments unfavorable to the prisoner without regard to decency or right.

I was present one day when the prisoner was asked the usual question, "Have you been here before?" Before he could answer, the Deputy Chief, from his desk beside the Magistrate, said: "Indeed he has, often, and he is a very hard case, your Worship." The prisoner protested that this was not true, but the unworn expression of opinion by this officer prejudiced the prisoner's case.

Another recent case—a boy of twelve was arrested for stealing pigeons. As a matter of fact he did not steal them, but received them from a boy who did. He had no friends to advise with except the detective who arrested him. He pretended to be friendly and told him to plead guilty so he would get off easy. Then this detective gave evidence that the boy was a hard case and he got three years. The actual thief, who did not confide in the detective, got off. The police press for a conviction every time, and have few scruples as to how they attain their end. An unfortunate without friends is tried and condemned by the morality style of police before he comes before the court. It is remarkable that these deputies and inspectors, who are so brave in the Police Court, were never known to tackle a tough. They made their reputation, such as it is, by arresting newboys and helpless women or obstructing citizens, for which the city has paid some four thousand dollars in damages.

No doubt one hundred other reputable citizens, quite as law-abiding as Deputy Chief Stuart, could cite instances from their own observation proving now savagely the Deputy Chief tosses people into penitentiary. Worse still, he evinces a sheer contempt for the ordinary citizen who appears in court as a witness or complainant and suspected of no misdemeanor whatever. One gentleman has called on me to say that in a case where he gave evidence about his house being robbed, he was treated by the Deputy Chief as if he were a prisoner of war. Many have complained of this same treatment, and after one experience with the police, the average citizen will put up with a good deal before again venturing into the awful presence of one so mighty and so petty—mighty in his power to annoy, and petty in his desire to show his might to everyone who happens to look at him. In regard to Inspector Stephen I find that some advance the theory that he is unpopular with many because of the severe rectitude with which he discharges the sometimes unpleasant duties imposed upon him. I should be glad to believe that there is a sweet reasonableness secreted somewhere behind his grim and brooding exterior, and that fidelity to duty is his fault; yet there is reason for believing that he, like the Deputy Chief, regards Toronto as being perpetually under military law, and that only by the exercise of the greatest forbearance does he refrain from having a lot of us shot every morning at sunrise.

The following letter has also been sent in and calls attention to a question that must be faced:

TORONTO, July 29, 1897.
TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.—As I came up Yonge street on Sunday evening after church I was not a little surprised to see so many candy stores and ice-cream parlors wide open. I do not know whether these parties have a license specially drawn up for them to sell on Sunday or whether they are a favored few. Some go as far as to say that some of the officers of our noble force are afraid to enforce the law. I of course cannot say as to that, but whatever may be the cause, they have no more right to sell candies, ice-cream, or even ice-cream soda than we have to sell fruit, groceries, or any other article on the Sabbath. You may as well say open your saloons and go to American Sabbath as quickly as possible; one leads to the other. And Toronto is Americanized just about enough at present. It is to be hoped the proper authorities will look into this important matter and save further trouble. Yours, CITIZEN.

It is not likely that the police are at fault in this matter, for their activity is nearly all employed along such lines as this. About a year ago a woman was brought into court and fined for having sold a cent's worth of candy to a child on its way to Sunday school. The crime thus aired in court secured its heinous aspect from what was no doubt a fact, that the cent in question was meant for the collection plate, but was diverted to give a little mortal the sugar she craved. Last year the refreshment booths in the parks were given the privilege of remaining open on Sundays in hot weather. Whether this privilege extends to places of the kind in the city I do not know. There should be some sane policy in this matter so that there shall not be a gradual opening up of doors until it will be necessary for the police to rush out and make trouble for everybody. There is not one man in fifty who favors a "wide-open Sunday" in Toronto, but if it is right and reasonable that pedestrians should be able to get a dish of ice-cream, or soda-water, or a cigar, it cannot be advisable to retain laws forbidding it. The difference between the selling of groceries and ice-cream on Sunday should not elude my correspondent, for one can buy groceries Saturday night, whereas he cannot carry a dish of ice-cream around with him for twenty-four hours. Still, I do not insist on ice-cream, or soda-water, or cigars. All that we have a right to insist upon is that sane regulations shall exist, and that conceded liberties should not be put on a partly surreptitious basis.

MACK.

Society at the Capital.

Mrs. MacIntosh, wife of the Lieut.-Governor of the North-West Territories, who has been staying here with her daughter, Mrs. Fleming, has returned to Regina, accompanied by one of her many pretty daughters, Miss Hazel MacIntosh.

General Gascoigne and Mgr. Merry del Val made the passage to England together, and it is thought possible that the General's particularly winning and genial manner may have induced the wily diplomat and divine to say what he really thought of things in general out here, and the separate school question in particular.

There are only two or three Ministers in town, each of them doing the work of several departments, and all the Ministers' wives are out of town enjoying a well earned rest, as



After the Shower.

they really worked hard during the session. They all left golden opinions behind them, being most popular with all classes. No woman, however, has been more popular than Mrs. Dickey of the last regime, who is ever regretted and much missed. Her husband, too, Hon. Arthur Dickey, was liked by everyone. Apropos of a good story is told of a very genial and courteous French-Canadian statesman who, during a dinner given for the M. P. during the session, unknowingly said a thing better left unsaid. Utterly unaware that Mr. Dickey's successful opponent was sitting within earshot and listening attentively, the host said, "Yes, we all miss Dickey. I was very sorry myself that he was not elected," and wondered why a smile went around the table. The successful candidate and guest continued to discuss his *entree* with unabated relish, and thought how easy it was to be all things to all men. The courteous host will never know of his mistake.

Cushing's Island is being patronized by Ottawa people this season. Mrs. George Burr and her pretty daughters have gone there; also Mrs. Chambers and her children, and Mrs. Shirley Ogilvie.

We have had a distinguished visitor from Japan here, Hon. Masana Mayeda of Tokio. He is a member of the Upper House of the Japan Diet, and came to interview the Government in reference to the treatment of Japanese on the Pacific coast. He was lunched and dined by the Ministers in town and seemed to have a favorable impression of the Canadian capital.

Mrs. M. J. Kavanagh and Mrs. J. P. Brophy have gone to Kamouraska for a few weeks. Mr. Carlos Warfield of Trail, B.C., has been in town lately staying at the Russell House. Mr. Warfield has just returned from a visit to the family of his charming fiancée, Miss Marion Whitney of Prescott, Ont.

There are very few families in town this year of the Members who usually go away for the summer. Among them are: Mr. and Mrs. Hayter Reed, Mrs. Fraser, sister of Sir Oliver Mowat, and her daughters, Mr. and Mrs. Martin Griffin, Mr. and Mrs. Travers Lewis, Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. Anderson, Lady and Miss Grant, Mrs. Major, Major and Mrs. Heron, Mr. and Mrs. Clayton and Miss Clayton, and Mr. and Mrs. E. Selkirk Skead.

Mr. Philip Macdonald of the Bank of Montreal, formerly of Toronto, has, accompanied by Mrs. Macdonald, gone to Thirty-One Mile Lake, where the fishing is very good.

Mr. and Mrs. Macdonald are living with Sir Sanford Fleming, but he and his nieces, the Misses Smith, and his grandchildren are all down at Halifax.

Mrs. C. Berkeley Powell, accompanied by her two pretty little daughters, has gone to Westminster Park, Thousand Islands. Mrs. Powell has remained in town longer than she expected, owing to the serious illness of her father, and her sister, Mrs. Carling, both of whom are now quite convalescent.

Mr. Percy Tasker, Molson's Bank, who spent his holidays at Murray Bay, has returned home.

Mr. F. C. O'Hara, Sir Richard Cartwright's private secretary, has spent the last few weeks the guest of Sir Richard and Lady Cartwright, at their pretty place, The Maples, on the St. Lawrence.

The new American consul, Col. Turner, has finally decided on a house in Daly avenue, Sandy Hill, and will shortly take possession, having sent for his household goods, horses, etc. Mrs. Turner is a great equestrienne and is bringing with her a Kentucky riding horse, a great pet. It is thought that the new consul and his wife will be very popular here, and will

in a way take the place of Col. and Mrs. Lay and family, who have always been regretted.

Mr. and Mrs. Courtney are spending the summer at their old place, Murray Bay. Mr. Reginald Courtney, who went over with the contingent, is still in England visiting his father's many friends and relations.

Mrs. Fennings has returned to town after a series of visits to friends and relations in Western Ontario.

Wakefield-up-the-Gatineau is still a popular resort for Ottawa people. Mr. and Mrs. Wurtele are there in their pretty house, also Mr. and Mrs. Frank Beard, and Mr. and Mrs. T. Cameron Bates.

Mr. Philpotts, Bank of British North America, accompanied by Mrs. Philpotts, has gone to Halifax, whence they will proceed to Bedford Basin for a few weeks.

Mr. Hamilton MacCarthy, R.C.A., of Toronto, is in town with one of his latest sculptures, a bronze bust of the Queen, which is on exhibition here.

Mr. Henry Lamothe and Mrs. Lamothe have gone to Vermont to visit friends.

Sir Louis and Lady Davies are staying at the Hotel Cecil, London, Eng.
Ottawa, July 29, 1897.

Social and Personal.

His Honor Sir George Kirkpatrick has been very much better, until the wet spell set in, and then the depressing weather, which made everyone blue, also had an unfavorable effect on the health of the Lieutenant-Governor. I hear that Lady Kirkpatrick had the misfortune to twist her ankle and has been obliged to rest completely in consequence, being now, however, quite better.

Lady Meredith, who is still suffering from the effects of her fall last spring, leaves for a summer outing shortly. She is able now to walk a very little, and has the sympathy of hosts of friends who miss her sweet, bright face in the social circles of which she is always a cherished member.

Society, practically doing nothing during this dull term, carries out the old adage that the devil employs idlers. Several promising bits of gossip are hatched in lazy moments and passed about with avidity for want of better mind-food. The summer scandal is mostly a wild and weird imagining, but there are cases, doubtless, when the *laissez aller*, which is irresistible to careless people, gives rise to misconception, and some of them seem to fancy a special license covers the giddy summer season, only to find out in sorrow that summer stories become winter penances.

One of Toronto's most charming women writes me from her country retreat, asking for information about the climate and general features of New Mexico, on behalf of an intending sojourner there. Will any of our friends who have been in those parts kindly favor me with pointers?

Various arrangements are being made for the reception next month of the very interesting visitors from the wide, wide world of learning, who are expected in Toronto. Seven years before Queen Victoria began to reign was the date of the first annual convention or reunion of the British Scientists, and the choice of Toronto for this year's rendezvous is a compliment, an acknowledgment and a privilege which the most advanced of our cultured people appreciate most highly. Kind hospitality will not be wanting from representative citizens, and many of the most exclusive homes will open portals with cheerful alacrity to wel-

come the distinguished company of savants who will be here for a week or more. The session lasts from August 18 to 25. Some of the functions already arranged for are a Vice-Regal reception at the Parliament Buildings on the evening of Thursday, August 19. The Grange, the University, Trinity College and the Pavilion will see bright hours in honor of the Scientists. The banquet at the Pavilion will be unusually *recherche*, and McConkey will have *carte blanche* for a magnificent spread. Among the noted persons who will visit Toronto are professors of famous universities, explorers, learned men from the far East, noble representatives of royal houses; from Europe, England, America and Australia will be gathered an interesting and learned assemblage, whose presence in our city for even so short a time cannot fail to impart an upward impulse to thought and inspire our students to higher aims and fresh ambitions.

An horrible tale of flirtation and more is being wafted from eastern regions, and many a smart dame hereabouts is pricking up her ears for further information. The hero of the escapade is a gallant officer, and the heroine—well, there are several names mentioned; you can secure them and take your choice. "Boots and saddles" is the officer's call just now, for his wonted haunts know him no more.

Sir Frank Smith and Mrs. Arthur Harrison went to Penetang for Sunday last, as did also Major and Mrs. Cosby. Ten thousand dollars' worth of plumbing has, I am told, done wonders for the comfort of guests at the summer hotel there.

Now is the season of the fish story. By the way, one of the funniest sights was to be seen on the dock at Niagara-on-the-Lake, on some blazing hot afternoons lately, when a group of ladies and gentlemen stood patiently holding fishing-rods for hours over the end of the wharf, and gravely pulling the lines out now and then for their servant to replace the bait nibbled off by the swarms of minnows which darted here and there in high delight at the luscious morsels.

Mr. Gus. P. Thomas, who has been visiting his parents in Carlton street, leaves for New York on Saturday to join Hoyt's A Milk White Flag Company.

The christening of Baby Burnham on Sunday was the occasion for quite a family gathering at Yeadon Hall, where the happy grandpapa and grandmama and the proud parents received many compliments and congratulations. The family group, consisting of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Cawthra, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Brock and Mr. and Mrs. James Burnham, will spend the remainder of the holidays at Niagara-on-the-Lake, whence the former came to attend the christening.

Mrs. and Miss Stratford of Brantford were this week the guests of Mrs. Kerr Osborne.

Mrs. Carter Troop, who has been with her parents, Dr. and Mrs. Temple of Simcoe street, for several weeks, is receiving many warm congratulations on the birth of a fine little son who came to town on Monday.

The downpour of rain on Monday evening put a damper on the Yacht Club dance so far as many city people were concerned. Somehow it is hard to "Cross the Ferry" when the heavens are opened and the floods descend as they did that evening. A few brave damsels did go over, and a jolly crowd of Islanders were on hand for the first waltz. The rain also spoiled a couple of intended outings for bicycling and tea, which some of the enthusiasts had arranged.

Mrs. A. S. Hardy returned from Niagara on Tuesday, having rather a rough trip across the lake. Several sufferers from *mal de mer* have regretted their reliance on fine weather being assured on both sides of the lake at once. One delicate lady is still confined to bed after that Monday shaking up.

The Messrs. Griffin, Ernest Cattanauch and Lockhart Gordon are away at Georgian Bay for a camping holiday.

Miss Mary Keegan, the charming actress, has come over from England for a visit to her mother in Hamilton. Some of the most graphic and telling pen-pictures of the recent celebrations sent from England to Canadian journals are those written by this clever lady.

Many travelers who came to Toronto by boat this week had not the courage to return the same way. The lake water made the boats behave in far from a sober manner, and wind and water seem to have been on an awful "jamboree" this week; sea-sickness and fear of water graves were general aboard the boats, and many took chances of a railroad accident in preference and returned by train.

Mr. R. B. Caldwell of the Ontario Bank has been visiting Buckingham.

In an out-of-the-way place—so much more delightful for that—Mr. J. K. Macdonald, our county treasurer, is, as usual, spending the summer-time. He and his family, with a party, are at Manitoulin Island, where Camp Macdonald is situated.

Mrs. A. T. Kennedy of Santa Cruz, Jamaica, is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Souter of 10 North street.

Mr. R. K. Burgess and family, of Rosedale, are now at their summer residence in Muskoka.

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Social and Personal.

The second of the Island dances under the auspices of the Aquatic Association was a very decided success. The room was comfortably filled and almost everyone was a dancer. The girls in summer Island garb, here and there modified by a coquettish touch of lace, chiffon or ribbon, were, as usual, young Canada's prettiest; and the lady patronesses, some of whom good-naturedly sit on hard chairs for three hours to oversee the frisks of men and maidens, were out in some force. The *habitués* of a couple of seasons ago are no longer seen. Papa President Rolph's whiskers and Mr. Knight's original two steps are missed by old-timers. Mr. Goldman is another patron one used to find always on hand. Lieutenant O'Reilly's neat figure has not yet adorned the well waxed floor, and we still expect many another graceful dancer and old-time chum. A few of those present on Friday of last week were: Miss Pierson, in a very smart rose-colored bodice and duck skirt; Miss Lamont, Miss Donna Lamont, Miss Dottie Lamont, Miss Olive Logan, Mrs. H. Ferguson, Darrell and her fine-looking young sister, Miss Winnie Garvin; Mrs. Bath in a dainty white gown and sailor hat; pretty little Miss Francis in pale blue; the Misses Cowan, Miss McNaught, Miss Maud Givens, Miss Muriel Massey, a charmingly pretty *ingenue*; Mrs. Hogaboom and her daughter, in white; Miss Clark, Mrs. Willie Galbraith, looking very trim in Island costume and sailor hat; the Misses Goad, Mrs. E. H. Duggan, Miss Wellington, Miss Macdonald, an exceedingly bright and handsome girl, the guest of Mrs. Kappel; Miss Linton, who is looking very sweet and pretty this summer and is generally admired; Miss Harris, Mrs. Gibson, Miss Oldfield, Mrs. Cummings, Messrs. Charlie Counsell, Boyd, Creelman, Bogart, Cambie, Francis, Wilson, Eastmure, Moss, Goldman, Douglas, Boddy, H. F. Darrell, Wade, Nat Darrell, W. Lamont, R. Cowan, Matthews, Parsons, Cagen, King, Neville, Oldfield, W. Galbraith, Macdonald and McMurich, Archibald, of canoe fame, was not, as usual, one of the smartest dancers, being *hors de combat* with a sprained ankle, much to the disappointment of several maidens fair. The substitution of an orchestra for the piano of old times is quite an advance, and is much appreciated. As usual, there was a big growl when at 10.45 the musicians and city guests made a bee-line for the boat. It would be a pious act if the powers that rule the electric lighting would refrain from turning off the lights until the ferry has started, as a bad accident might occur in the sudden darkness to belated persons hurrying aboard. I suppose the man in charge must live in the city, which accounts for the "lights out" before he takes the last boat.

Mr. Charles Benedict, whose recent marriage with Miss McLaren of Perth caused many a good wish to go his way from warm friends in Toronto, was in town for a day or so this week. "Bennie" looks as if the game agreed with him, and has just been on the most delightful tour up the Rideau on the McLaren yacht with a jolly party, including two or three old Toronto chums, who positively rave over the trip. In common with other stray former residents, Mr. Benedict is surprised at the various changes and improvements a few years have made, and nowhere more than at Hanlan's Island, where a memory of a bleak and dirty wilderness is replaced by a bright, festive promenade and an ideal summer breathing-spot, radiant with colored lights and echoing some of the best band music on the continent.

Mr. Mayne Campbell has returned from England.

Among the cadets admitted to the Royal Military College, Kingston, are, from Toronto: Messrs. Vivian Denison, Frank T. Paterson, Edmund F. Osler, N. Boyd, A. C. Caldwell, Hector Reid, Walter Denison, Walter McConkey, Charles A. Lewis and Rupert Simpson.

Mrs. J. K. Macdonald and family, of Cona Lodge, are summering at Georgian Bay.

Mrs. Aird of Detroit is visiting her sister, Mrs. Jack Murray, at her summer home, Scarborough Cliffs.

Mrs. and the Misses FitzGerald of Bloor street leave next week for Cobourg.

Sir George de Hochepied Larpet and Lady Larpet are to leave shortly for England, where Sir George has been appointed to the supervision of the Sixteenth Division, with headquarters at Bedford. Though this appointment shortens the visit of Sir George and Lady Larpet, as the former must take charge on September 1, still it is cause of congratulation, being most desirable. I hear the visitors sail for home on or about August 13.

His Holiness the Pope has been pleased to confer the Knighthood of St. Gregory the Great on Colonel Edward Victor Law, the late British Resident of Jeypore, Rajpootana, (who will be remembered by friends in Toronto and who visited relatives here a few years ago,) in recognition of the services he rendered to the Catholic religion whilst in India. Colonel Law is a brother of the saintly Father Law, S.J., who died some years ago in the African Mission of the Zambesi, also a brother of Captain F. C. Law, R.N.

Mr. Walter S. Lee has been up to Winnipeg for the great fair, which in spite of bad weather was an undoubted success.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Austin are at Windermere, Lake Rosseau. The Misses Kingsmill are at Roach's Point. Mr. and Mrs. Gauld of Parkdale are summering at Stony Lake.

Saturday afternoon the Island was a very favorite rendezvous. There was a baseball match, with its accompaniment of howling and cheering; an excellent programme by the Grenadiers' Band, and a view of the canoe sailing race, the prettiest imaginable sight, the dainty butterflies flitting across the track of the mammoth ferries, which passed to give the pretty craft the way, and stretching, one by one, to the north-east in graceful airiness.

Mr. Alfred Gooderham has gone for the summer to his favorite resort in hot weather, Old Orchard, Maine. Miss Maggie Gooderham

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Ice Creams, Frozen Puddings, Frozen Fruits, Sherbets and Water Ices.

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accompanied her father. Mrs. and Miss Gooderham are enjoying the *dolce far niente* of midsummer at Maplecroft, and find it cool and pleasant enough in North Toronto.

Miss Amy Ritchie of Ottawa is the guest of Mrs. Cambie at Center Island.

Mr. and Mrs. S. G. Beatty are spending the summer at Georgian Bay in a houseboat. Their hospitalities are enjoyed to the utmost by many grateful friends.

Miss Mabel Richardson of Chatham is visiting friends in North Toronto.

Mrs. R. S. Neville, who has been the guest of her sister, Mrs. Ferrier, in Ottawa, has returned home.

Mr. James Crowther and his little daughter, Vivien, took a holiday in Muskoka this week.

Mrs. Castle, one of Toronto's handsome grand-mamas, is at present with her daughter, Mrs. Crowther.

Mr. Gibb of Vancouver came to Toronto on Saturday. Freightened with interesting news of our old friends out there, Mr. Gibb is bombarded with questions on all sides, and has quite a budget for enquiring friends.

Miss Audrey Allen and Miss Ethel White are at Cacouna.

Mrs. Alfred Cameron and Miss Walker are on the Maine coast for the season. Mrs. John Wright and her sons are living in St. Alban street.

Miss Z. Hare, B.A., of Uxbridge, and Miss Muriel Smith of Dundas are visiting Miss Smith, 135 Avenue road.

Mr. W. R. Callaway of Minneapolis, Mr. and Mrs. T. W. Williamson, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Brown, Mr. and Mrs. C. V. Smallpeice, Miss Logan, Messrs. Ed. Turbaine, T. R. McMillen, W. T. Lumbers, Fred Worden, T. W. G. Ritchie, Hilson Whyte, E. W. Oliver and A. W. Wothers of Toronto are guests at Woodington House, Lake Rosseau, Muskoka.

Arrivals at the Belvidere Hotel include: Mrs. Stevens, Mrs. Wood, Mrs. and Miss Fincke, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Holtzman, Mr. H. Van Hummel, Mr. and Mrs. A. F. Rodger, Mr. C. Gamon, Mr. James M. Craven, Rev. J. O. Barrett, Mr. A. W. Gagnon, Mr. Arthur Barrette, Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Rockwell, Misses Katie and Carrie Rumpin, Mr. Chas. B. Hunt, Messrs. John, Hill and Gordon Hunt, Mr. H. O. Brunton, Mr. T. H. Brunton, Mr. and Mrs. T. Trask, Mr. and Mrs. N. Miller, Miss Estella Stiles, Mrs. Lyman Faulkner, Messrs. R. P. L. Fraser, E. O. Black, J. Scott, Mr. C. H. Simms and family, Mrs. W. A. Coy, Dr. and Mrs. A. W. Geiger, Miss Claude Woodworth, Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Tanner, Mr. M. Tanner, Mr. and Mrs. Sam. Hetty, Mrs. E. C. Ball, Miss Bessie Hetty, Mrs. S. C. and Miss Mabel Postlewait, Dr. Sinclair, Messrs. J. M. Godfrey, S. C. Simonski, Mr. and Mrs. R. Wickens, Master Stanley Wickens, Miss E. M. Davis, Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Hull, Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Suckling, Mr. Wm. Buell, Dr. and Mrs. Geo. W. T. Lewis, Mr. and Mrs. R. N. Tynion, Miss Grace Wood, Mr. and Mrs. Edward H. Maythan, Mrs. H. and Miss Darrold, Miss Minnie Lake.

One of the prettiest weddings to occupy the attention of society for some time took place in the Baptist church at Amherst, N.S., when Miss Agnes Katherine Sleep was married to Mr. Horace Lugsdin of the Canadian Bank of Commerce, Toronto. Before the appointed hour for the ceremony the friends of the contracting parties began to gather at the church, and when the bridal party arrived the large auditorium was well filled. The decorations were very elaborate and in excellent taste. The rear of the platform was dressed in evergreen relieved by wild chrysanthemums, while stately ferns, in pots, trimmed the pulpit. A bridal arch of ever-green and daisies was erected in the center, and the marriage vows were pledged beneath a horseshoe of white roses. The bride was becomingly attired in silk crepon and wore the conventional bridal veil and orange blossoms. She was attended by her sister, Miss Alice, while Mr. J. H. Douglas was best man. The bride was given away by her uncle, Mr. D. W. Douglas. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Dr. Steele, assisted by Rev. J. H. Macdonald. At the conclusion of the ceremony the bridal party and guests, which were principally intimate friends of the families, repaired to the residence of the bride's mother, where a wedding lunch was served. Mr. and Mrs. Lugsdin took the express eastward at noon for Halifax, where they remain until Monday, when they go to Pictou to take the steamer to Montreal, thence to their future home, Toronto. The bride was the recipient of many useful and beautiful presents.

"Georgie cried himself to sleep last night." "What was the matter?" "He ate dinner with Robbie Tomkins, and when he came home he found that we had strawberries, while they had only stewed rhubarb."—*Chicago Record*.

Mrs. Jones—Why, Mrs. Brown, you're not going so soon? "I thought you were to be here all summer! Mrs. Brown—I did intend to; but my husband has just sent me a cheque for two hundred dollars—without a murmur!"—*Puck*.

Englishman—Some of our English girls are quite expert with the gun, don't you know. Lady Eva Wyndham shot six man-eating tigers in India. American Girl—If they were eating nice men, she did just right.—*New York Weekly*.

Senator Silver—Does the gentleman mean to say that I lie? Senator Fence—The gentleman has too much regard for the courtesies of the chamber to utter the sentiment so aptly expressed by his learned friend.—*Philadelphia North American*.

"See here, young man, I'll have to take you in; your lantern's out." "Hold on, officer, I'll explain. You see, I bought one of these two-dollar bicycle suits this afternoon and it burst on me ten miles from home. Now, I'm trying to get back as quietly as I can in the dark. You see the necessity of it!" "That's all right—go ahead."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

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WEASER TAN BY MARGARET JOHANN

From Short Stories.

THE teacher stood by the blackboard reviewing with Ralph Burrows a problem in algebra. Most of her pupils were from the lower walks of life, rude in dress and manner, and backward in intelligence. The schoolroom was a relic of an ancient educational régime, with broken, begrimed walls, curtainless windows and backless, splinter-fringed benches, whose present incumbents could, upon the clumsy "forms" before them, carve their initials side by side with those of their fathers', or imprison flies in dungeons gouged out by the jack-knives of their grandfathers.

This pupil in algebra was the sole representative there of the township aristocracy. The teacher was very proud of him. He had already passed the entrance examination for the high school in a distant city. He showed what she could do when she had material to work with, she thought, and she was fond of showing him off when the trustees made their prescribed "two visits a year." The boy had an earnest though merry face, and he bore with good-humored indifference the distinction of being the best dressed and most scholarly pupil there.

It was a raw January day. The wind made the old school-house quake, but for pity of the children, it piled protecting ridges of snow about the casements. For the comfort of the smaller children benches were drawn close to the stove; but at the forms the older ones wrung their hands to dispel the numbness of their fingers, and sat upon their feet to keep them warm.

A little girl with stringy, yellow curls, a lace-bordered apron, torn and dingy, and a soiled ribbon around her neck, tugged at the teacher's gown.

"Tin me and Weaser Tan do home?"

"Weaser Tan" (Louisa Rutan) by her side, hung her head bashfully and pulled her mouth away with her fingers. There was no attempt at finery in Weaser Tan's costume. She was an ugly child, with part of her unkempt hair gathered into a short, tapering braid and tied with a bit of thread, and the rest of it hanging in strings about her eyes and ears.

The teacher hesitated.

"Me and Weaser Tan" will freeze on the way, Miss L—, said Ralph, good-naturedly turning from his problem, "they have nearly as far to go as I have."

Miss L— stepped anxiously to the window and surveyed the road.

"If 'Me and Weaser Tan' will wait till school's out I'll take them home on my sled," continued Ralph.

The teacher looked relieved.

"If you'll do that, Ralph," she said, "you may go right away; for the storm's getting worse every minute."

The boy was delighted to get out of school so early. "Proof that a good action is never thrown away," he said, with roughish familiarity. Then he slammed his books into place, put on his warm overcoat and tied a bright home-knit scarf around his neck, and the little girls pined on their threadbare shawls. They went out into the storm together, and he seated them a-tandem upon his sled.

"Put on your mittens, Weaser Tan," he said, for the child's hands holding to the sides of the sled were chapped and red.

"She ain't got none," said Grace, pulling at the wrists of her own and giggling self-consciously.

"Put these on, then," said he, throwing his own into her lap.

She drew them on shamefacedly. The little girls lived in adjoining cabins; and when he left them in front of their door he said:

"You may keep the mittens, Weaser Tan; mother'll knit me another pair. They're not so gay as Grace's, but they're warm."

Ralph Burrows, home on a college vacation, came out of the woods behind the Rutan cabin with his gun upon his shoulder. His dog had run on ahead and Ralph came upon him eagerly lapping water from a trough in front of the house. Grace and Weaser Tan were there, the latter with her hand upon the handle of the pump, from whose nozzle a stream of fresh water was falling gently for the animal's enjoyment.

"Don't know where the best water in the neighborhood is to be found," said Ralph, throwing a bunch of game upon the grass and pumping a dipperful of water for himself as the girl stepped bashfully aside. The dog, a magnificent English setter, went to her and laid his tawny head against her. She spoke gently to him, fondling his silky ears.

"He seems to be an acquaintance of yours," said Ralph, by way of being sociable.

"Sh'd think he ought to be," giggled Grace. "She's always saving bones and things for him."

"That's very kind, I'm sure," said the young fellow, turning toward the game which Grace was inspecting. "That blue-jay was an accident—I didn't mean to shoot him."

"You might give me his wings for my hat," said Grace saucily.

"His wings?—with pleasure," and, taking out his knife, he cut them off.

"One for Grace and one for—Weaser Tan," he said, giving one to each and laughing at the recollection of the old childish name.

He went whistling out of the gate; and Grace, with each hand grasping a picket of the rickety fence, watched him out of hearing. She drew a long breath as she turned away.

"Gracious, ain't he handsome!" she said, "and Wease, you like him awful good."

For answer Wease splashed her well with water. Then Grace went crying into the house, and Wease, in the covert of the high pump, softly stroked the jay's wing and watched the giver out of sight.

"Room in our town for another physician," wrote distant relatives, and there Ralph Burrows went fresh from an extended course of study and travel abroad. He opened his office in the heart of the town; his home was with his relatives on hills that overlooked it. Business came to him laggingly, but love came on smooth, swift wings.

Marguerite, heir of beauty, wealth and goodness, sat on the veranda, fieldglass in hand. A dozen times a day she focused it upon Ralph's office in the town below. A few moments since she saw him lock his door and set out upon the homeward road. Now he was hidden from view, but she knew just what landmark he had reached (she had timed him so often). To speed the minutes she took up a magazine and scanned an article that essayed to settle for all times and for all people the question: "Is life worth living?" When he came she met him at the foot of the terraces, and with his arm around her he led her back to the veranda.

"What's in it?" he asked, tossing the magazine aside to make room for them both upon the willow settle.

"Oh, Ralph," she cried archly, "is life worth living?"

He took her face between his hands and looked unutterable love into eyes that paid him back his own:

"Is life worth living? And with Marguerite?"

A thousand, thousand times, sweetheart, and forever and ever!" He kissed her rapturously.

"For shame," she whispered, looking rosy and foolish and happy, "there's Louise; she must have heard and seen the whole performance. And, by the way, Ralph, when you write your mother, thank her again for solving for us the servant problem in so far as a waitress is concerned. This Louise Rutan has been with us two months now, and we find her all we could desire; only (with a little deprecatory shrug) her face is so stolidly sorrowful. I'm so happy myself, Ralph, that, when anyone else is sad I feel a sort of remorse—almost as if I were responsible."

"Well, poor girl," he said, "I've known her ever since she was—three feet high, I suppose, and she's had pretty hard lines. She'll brighten, never fear, in the atmosphere of this home."

"Louise," said Marguerite next day, "I believe I'll let you drive me into town; you're accustomed to a horse, aren't you?"

"Not very; but I'm not afraid," was the reply. So they went.

Marguerite had made her purchases, had achieved a merry consultation with Ralph in front of his office, and they were upon a homeward, uphill road that lay along the bed of a little stream. The queer, reticent girl by her side was a study for Marguerite. Throughout the drive she had tried to make her talk; but, baffled, she had by now lapsed into a silence akin to pique. A new thought came to her.

"Louise," she asked, "is life worth living?"

"For you it must be, Miss Marguerite."

It was a lengthy sentence for the girl to utter, but her eyes looked straight ahead and her hands holding the slack reins lay limp in her lap.

"And why not for you, Louise?"

The girl hesitated, and Marguerite, always prone to moralizing, improved the opportunity.

"My good girl," she said, "you wage-earners make a great mistake in thinking that wealth brings happiness. All of us, rich and poor alike, meet with disappointments, and we can either make the best of them and be happy or make the worst of them and be miserable. Now, here are these gloves that I've just bought. I couldn't get the color I want; these are fully three shades too dark, but I'm not going to fret about them; I'm going to be happy in spite of circumstances."

"Yes, ma'am," said the girl apathetically.

"You have health, a home, and plenty to eat and to wear, Louise, and I have no more than that."

"Yes, ma'am—but there was repudiation in the tone."

Marguerite recognized it, and went on, a softness stealing over her glad, flowerlike beauty:

"Of course, I have Ralph; but some day, Louise, some honest-hearted young fellow will come to you, and will love you as his life, and then, Louise, if your heart responds (her voice weighted with the sweet mystery of love dropped into rhythmic cadence) "you will be blest indeed."

"Yes, ma'am," said the girl again, but feigned an interest in the landscape and leaned forward to hide her homely face from the gaze of the beautiful and blest.

Suddenly the feigned interest became real, for she half rose to her feet, grasping the dashboard.

"Whoa!"

She threw the reins into Marguerite's lap; and, springing to the ground, pressed into the thicket of blackberry and catbrier that upon one side bordered the road. Parting the tangle with her bare hands, she took one look through the opening she had made. The next instant she had loosened the traces and was leading the horse out of the shafts.

"Why, Louise?" began Marguerite; then she got down and went to her with a face full of astonished inquiry.

The girl's fingers were flying from buckle to buckle along the harness.

"Go home as fast as you can go, Miss Marguerite," she said. Her voice was steady, but her hands shook.

"What do you mean, Louise?"

The girl dragged the harness off:

"For you," she said, "life is worth living; for me—" she backed the horse to the carriage-side—"death is worth dying."

From a hub she vaulted to the horse's back.

"Go home!" she shouted, fiercely; for by now she had lost control of her voice.

"I believe you are insane," said Marguerite, half in anger, half in fright.

To the quivering girl the suggestion was an inspiration. She waved her hands wildly:

"Go!" she shouted, jerking the horse upon his haunches, "start, or I'll ride you down!"

Marguerite fled in terror. Once she looked back. No one was in sight, but she heard the horse's hoofs clattering downward into the town.

A catalpa, little and old and scarred and only

of late protected from vandalism by a box, stood in front of the doctor's office. A horse wheeled under it, and Ralph reached the sidewalk as the rider slipped to the ground.

"What's wrong, my girl?" he asked, with forced professional calmness.

Her breath came pantingly.

"Go home," she gasped, with tense, white lips, "they want you."

He sprang toward his office, but she clutched his sleeve. She was not fierce now, but her tone was an agony of pleading.

"Oh, go!"—for the first time in her life she looked full into his face—"don't stop for anything—she's dying, I tell you—Marguerite—she's bleeding to death by the roadside—above the dam."

She pressed the bride into his hand, but he tore away into his office. He was out again like a flash, hatless but his emergency kit in hand. He snatched the bride and the next minute the woody, up-hill road plucked horse and rider out of her sight.

Almost fainting, she held to the tree-box. The street was nearly deserted, but two women, talking earnestly, came around a corner. She clutched the gown of the nearer:

"The dam," she whispered, "there's a leak."

The woman started and gathered her skirt closely about her. "Poor creature!" she said to her companion, "rum is the curse of this land," and they turned nervously into the nearest street.

Then Weaser Tan's strength came again. Two boys tore past her in a wild game of chase. She seized the foremost by his shoulder, his companion grabbed him at the same instant, and both wheeled stumblingly in front of her.

"Run for the hills!"—she shook the boy as if to awaken him from sleep—"the big dam is giving way! Don't stand and stare! Alarm the people!"

She flung them from her, and they plunged ahead—one shrieking like a maniac, the other dumb with terror.

The girl herself dashed after the two women. Ahead of her and on the opposite side, upon a bank of the "branch," was a factory. In its second story young girls were working; she could see them through the open windows.

She was flying up the stairs, when a suspicious foreman stopped her.

"Whereaway so fast, young woman?"

"The flood is coming!"

"Nonsense!" he smiled pleasantly.

"It's the dam, the great dam above the South Fork! Look out at the branch!" and she tore past him.

The girls were already staring wildly into one another's faces, for a new din, the roar of a raging river, mingled with the whir and clatter of the machinery.

"Run for your lives!"

They rushed to the street and fled their various ways. One, half-paralyzed, clung to Weaser Tan.

"The railroad bridge is high and very strong." From both sides people were crowding upon it.

Only a moment—but in it, to that struggling cityful, terror enough to freight eternity—and Louise, her arm around her fainting charge, stood upon the bridge. Then the dam surrendered its last defence and pandemonium plunged into the valley.

The work of rescue was going on. The young doctor had not lain down, they said, for two days and two nights. He was everywhere, directing, commanding, executing. Some sixty rods below where the bridge had been was a wooded knoll, for which the branch in its peaceful days had turned tranquilly aside. A mass of drift was piled there now, sand and soil; trees, cattle and the wrecks of homes; stone buttresses; brace and girder and stanchion of steel and human flesh and blood—wrecks of straw flapped aside by the torrent, the discarded playthings of a moment.

Gangs of men were sorting it over. A bit of blue cambric caught Ralph's eye. He knew it, for his mother had worn it once.

"Careful there, careful," he warned, pressing in among the laborers, "take away that piece of roofing. Not your axe, man! For heaven's sake don't use that! There's a young girl lying just beneath! Help me lift it, half a dozen of you—so—that will do."

He scooped away some debris with his hands and wiped the soil from the dead face.

"Thank God, there's no mutilation. That iron beam there twisted like a thread—it confines the arm. Set your lever just here. Steady—steady; that will do."

"Now, someone help me carry her. Not you, Van Courtlandt; someone with an awful sorrow tugging at his heart. You'll do, McCall."

"Gently, my man, tenderly as you'll lift that little girl of yours when you find her. Lay her here, McCall."

"One moment more, my friend. Here's a pillow, soft and white and frilled, a dainty thing—Marguerite sent it. Put it into place while I lift the head. Now the spread—thank you, McCall."

Weaser Tan lay in her coffin; her face as plain in death as in life, but more serene. Ralph stood and looked at her wonderingly and sadly. His old dog came and, whining, laid his muzzle in his hand.

"Yes, Don, you've lost a friend. She loved you."

Marguerite came softly in.

"Here's something else she loved," she said. "They say she would not sleep without it under her pillow."

He opened the little box she gave him, gazed into it for a moment, touched its contents tenderly, then tucked them under some roses that lay upon her breast.

They were a pair of gray yarn mittens and a blue-jay's wing.

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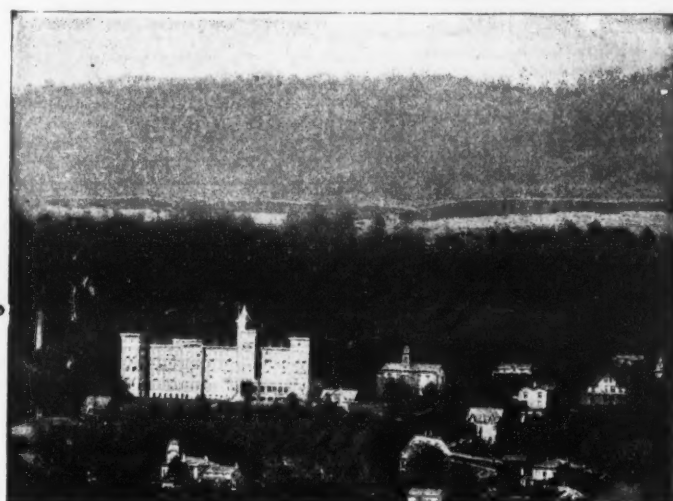
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At the Cycle Club.

Puck.

First Member—How would it do to agitate for a law allowing bicyclists to use the sidewalks, and compelling pedestrians to walk in the middle of the street?

Second Member—Well, that idea seems a little premature just now. After a time we might demand such a law on the principle of the greatest good of the greatest number.

"There is nothing in this English paper. It must have come over on the same steamer I did."—*Yale Record*.

"It must have been a terrible shock to you when you heard of your aunt's death, was it not?" "Oh, no; I had still my new black silk dress."—*Lustige Blätter*.

Father (visiting his son's studio)—I just met the sheriff on the stairs. What was he doing here? Artist—The sheriff? He—he was sitting for me.—*Fliegende Blätter*.

Slimson—Some one gave my boy a drum for a birthday present, but it turned out all right. Twickenham—How so? Slimson—I gave him a pocket-knife.—*Detroit Free Press*.

"Yes, my old friend, I have been the victim of misfortune in all my love affairs. My first sweetheart died, the second jilted me, and the third became my wife!"—*Illustrirte Zeitung*.

"Whatever made you make Brackins a present of a pocket-comb? He's as bald as a billiard-ball." "That's just it. I wanted to make him think I never noticed it."—*Tit-Bits*.

Blobbs—What did you pay for your bicycle? Slobbs—Seventy-five dollars. Blobbs—Why, I've bought a rattling one for twenty-five. Slobbs—Yes, I've heard it.—*Philadelphia Record*.

Mother (examining the proof of her small son's photograph)—Johnny, why didn't you smile? Johnny (aged six years, with an injured air)—I did, mother, but the man didn't put it down.

Superintendent—I shall have to think the matter over, for you are married, and, frankly, I should prefer to give the place to a single man. Applicant—Oh, well, I can get a divorce.—*Fliegende Blätter*.

New Salesman—I understand that no purchaser is to have more than ten yards. But suppose a lady comes back after one purchase, shall I refuse to sell her any more? Floor-walker—If you're tired of your position.—*Puck*.

Four-year-old Barbara went to church with her two sisters, and came home crying. "What

is the matter, dear?" enquired her mother. "He preached a whole sermon—about—M. Mary and Martha," sobbed Barbara, "and I never said a w-word about me."

"I think I've found the criminal!" shouted the young detective in wild excitement. His conferees looked at him with a chilling glare. "There is a time for everything," he said; "just now we are engaged in looking not for the criminal, but for clues."—*Washington Star*.



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ANIMALS' CRIES SET TO MUSIC.

Men and women are under the vain impression that they are the most musical of God's creations. A German philosopher, however, who has attentively listened to most of the sounds of nature, says that man is the only thing that naturally gives vent to harsh and discordant noises, while everything else, animate and inanimate, if it produces any sound at all, is naturally musical. He excepts the civilized dog—which has learned from man. Dogs in their wild state never bark. They only whine and howl, and this they do in perfect

Mastiff.

Yelping Cnr.

melody. But even the barking of some dogs is musical. In one of his quartettes Haydn renders the bark of a dog, which is easily recognized as a mastiff. And elsewhere the same composer gives the notes of a yelping cur; it is somewhat piercing but truly musical. The sonorous braying of the ass runs through two octaves. It does not sound very well on the piano, but in Mendelssohn's Midsummer Night's Dream, Bottom gives a perfect rendering of it on the bassoon.

Donkey.

The most peculiar thing about the bray of the ass is that one of the most gentle of all animals produces a volume of dreadful sound sufficient to wake a whole village. The same is almost equally true of the cow; yet the lowing of the cow is music not only in the farmer's ear, but in that of every one who has the smallest sense of music. It is one of the deepest bass sounds

Cow.

Cal.

Tiger's growl.

Elephant's roar.

produced in the animal kingdom, deeper even than the tiger's growl, and surpassed only by the elephant's roar. Here are the foregoing three, together with the most ridiculous sound of the most ridiculous animal in the world—the calf. Among birds the notes are so high, varied and quick that musical notation is scarcely equal to their record. Still, many successful attempts have been made. In Schubert's Dream of Spring, the quail-cry is faithfully given. Handel's lark, in his Semele, is perfect, while in Il Pensero

Goose.

Duck.

rosos we have the nightingale. Someone has given the unmelodious notes of the goose and the duck, as given above, and on the violin they come out perfectly. The cackle of a hen after the laying of an egg is very simple. And lowest among the notes of feathered animals is the lonely cry of the cormorant, which is best reproduced on the trombone. Birds are, of course, the most musical, and it is one of the marvels

Hen's cackle announcing the laying of an egg.

Cormorant.

of nature how the sounds produced by such tiny creatures are so piercing and far-carrying. The song of a thrush can be heard precisely as far as the braying of an ass; and crowing cocks have been known to answer each other with the considerable distance of a mile between them. Cats' cries vary considerably, and none of them, at the first blush, strike one as being the least musical; but they really are, and as long ago as 1667 a composer named Krieger wrote a cat concert. Everyone knows how pleasing is the volume of sound produced by insects. In the Pastoral Symphony Beethoven reproduces this music of insect life with wonderful perfection, and in Israel in Egypt we have the humming of bees. Waves, wind, trees, streams, thunder, all are musical. And, although Nature has failed in the pig, the goose, and a few other creatures, her design was evidently to make the earth one great concert-hall.

Trials of the City Missionary.

Harper's Bazar.

A lady who is a city missionary became very much interested in a very poor but apparently respectable Irish family named Curran, living on the top floor of a great tenement house in the slum district.

Every time she visited the Currans the missionary was annoyed by the staring and the whispering of the other women living in the building. One day she said to Mrs. Curran: "Your neighbors seem very curious to know who and what I am, and the nature of my business with you."

"They do so," acquiesced Mrs. Curran.

"Do they ask you about it?"

"Indeed they do, ma'am."

"And do you tell them?"

"Faith, thin, an' oi do not."

"What do you tell them?"

"Oi just tell them you are me dressmaker, an' let it go at that."

"Man works from sun to sun, but woman's work is never done," runs the old couplet. Most men are disposed to question its truth, but the Prince of Wales as he gazes upon the throne is not likely to be one of them—St. Mary's Journal.

Poisonous Bites.

A CORRESPONDENT sends me an interesting suggestion with reference to the idea that the effect of mosquito-bites on certain persons is to render them protected against further trouble in that direction, says Dr. Andrew Wilson in London News. My correspondent suggests that the protective influence may really be not so much a matter of the individual as one of climate. He at one time was engaged in engineering operations in the Southern States of America, and was duly inoculated with the poison of the mosquito. He became, as he remarks, not only utterly indifferent to the bite, but actually began to find a certain amount of pleasure produced by the humming noise of the wings. When, however, my correspondent left the Southern States and went to Canada he found that all his troubles began anew. The stings of the Canadian mosquitoes were at first painful and poisonous in the highest degree; but after a few weeks of torture, the body, apparently, became re-inoculated, and the protective influence once again reasserted itself. My correspondent's next move was southwards. There the mosquitoes attacked him with painful effect until, in turn, and for the second time in the south, he became inoculated. His theory is that the surroundings, feeding, etc., of the mosquito differ in the two zones, that the poison-secretion varies accordingly, and that inoculation with the mosquito-virus of the south will not suffice to protect against the northern poison, and vice versa. Going east and west in about the same line, the inoculation may remain effective; but a change from north to south, or the reverse, he thinks will show such a want of protection as he has indicated.

Another correspondent desires to know if there is any definite evidence at hand respecting the alleged poisonous effects of a bite by human teeth. I should say not; but one can easily find an adequate reason why such an injury should often heal badly and be attended with toxic symptoms. In the first place, a bite is really a kind of bruised wound, and such injuries are apt to heal slowly, being the opposite of a clean cut, as it were. Then, in the second place, many of the mouth-secrections are in themselves, if not poisonous, at least capable of inducing effects which delay healing, and may infect the system to a greater or less degree. A dirty tooth is a typical germ-carrier, and that inoculation of the bite with microbes would follow is by no means an unlikely hypothesis. As for any poisonous principles to be reckoned with in human saliva, I doubt if any direct evidence on that head can be obtained. Saliva in the animal world is liable to acquire temporary or permanent toxic properties. We see the temporary phase illustrated in the poison of the rabid dog, and in the serpent the virus is really supplied by a much modified salivary gland.

It is curious that as the above question was propounded [for discussion, an annotation should appear concerning the poison which may be contained in the skin-secretion. The perspiration has been found to contain principles of toxic nature which not fatally when injected into the blood of certain of the lower animals. It is further noted that perspiration which has been excreted after great muscular exertion is more powerful in its effects than that which is ordinarily given off from the glands of the skin. The perspiration which is caused by baths and other means is said to be largely devoid of poisonous principles, while when the skin-secretion is retained, these principles increase in the degree of their virulence. It appears to me that such researches should form a very powerful argument in the hands of the sanitarian in favor of the bath as a health-preservative. It is more than probable that serious illness can be caused by the retained products of the skin acting on the system, and we know that the skin acts as a medium for the conveyance from the blood of much waste material, the result of our bodily work.

The Pauper's Death-Bed.

Tread softly,—bow the head,—
In reverent silence bow,—
No passing bell doth toll,
Yet an immortal soul
Is passing now.

Stranger! however great,
With lowly reverence bow;
There's one in that poor shed—
One by that paltry bed—
Greater than thou.

Beneath that beggar's roof,
Lo! Death doth keep his state.
Enter, no crowds attend;
Enter, no guards defend
This palace-gate.

That pavement, damp and cold,
No smiling courtiers trend;
One silent woman stands,
Lifting with meager hands
A dying head.

No mingling voices sound,—
An infant wail alone;
A sob suppress'd,—again
That short deep gasp, and then—
The parting groan.

O change! O wondrous change!
Burst are the prison-bars,—
This moment there so low,
So agonized, and now
Beyond the stars.

O change! O stupendous change!
There lies the soulless clod;
The sun eternal breaks,
The new immortal wakes,—
Wakes with his God.

CAROLINE BOWLES SOUTHEY.

A Faithful Sentry.

Instructing Officer—A sentinel may not leave his post on any account whatever. Mind that, and take an example from the Roman warrior in Pompeii, who, during the terrible eruption of Mount Vesuvius, stood guard at the door of his commanding officer and was there buried in the glowing ashes. With a patient endurance which has not its equal he stuck to his post until he was dug out seventeen centuries later.

It was the first time Stewart had seen any very small chickens, and he did not understand that the smooth patches on the sides were wings. When one of the chicks tried to spread his wings, Stewart cried: "See! he's opening his pockets, and there isn't anything in them."

A Boy's Fads.

Tom Hall in N. Y. Truth.



the fact that they did not have such playthings when I was a boy.

Presently, however, I discovered that he had been born with the human failing of "wanting things." It was brought very forcibly to my attention by a demand from him for a box of tools. I did not like the idea of tools. And it was about time to teach him that he could not have everything he wanted, so I went over to a friend older and much wiser than myself and held a consultation.

"Get him the tools," said my friend. "He has got to take his chances of getting hurt all through life, and as for teaching him that he can't have everything he wants, he has got to learn that for himself." He got the tools. Then it soon became apparent that his desires were a continuous performance.

After the tools, he wanted a cat to hunt rats



with, and after the cat a dog to hunt cats with. Then he got in turn a bicycle, skates, and a bob-sled. During the next summer he became a member of a baseball team, and concurrent with baseball came desires for chickens, white mice and rabbits. The next summer it was fishing and swimming, and the autumn succeeding it was football. That winter it was hunting, and I had to buy him a gun, although his mother protested, and to this day will not go to the garret alone where it is kept, for fear it will go off. I only wish it would go off—and stay.

About this time I had fond hopes for his future career, and began planning day dreams such as some years before I had had concerning myself. But it seemed more reasonable to dream of great things for him. He would be able to benefit by my advice, and that would be a great help. I had never followed my father's advice, but that was because he did not know nearly so much as I did. But it is plain to any one that I know more than my boy does.

So I asked him one day what he would like to be when he became a man.

"A policeman," said he promptly.

I went over to my wise old friend for consolation. He merely laughed at me.

"To-morrow, or a month hence," said he, "he will want to be a fireman; then a street car driver. After that a postman and railroad engineer. Later he will think seriously of becoming a cowboy and slayer of Indians. He will also plan to become a bareback rider in a circus, and he will rig up a trapeze in your

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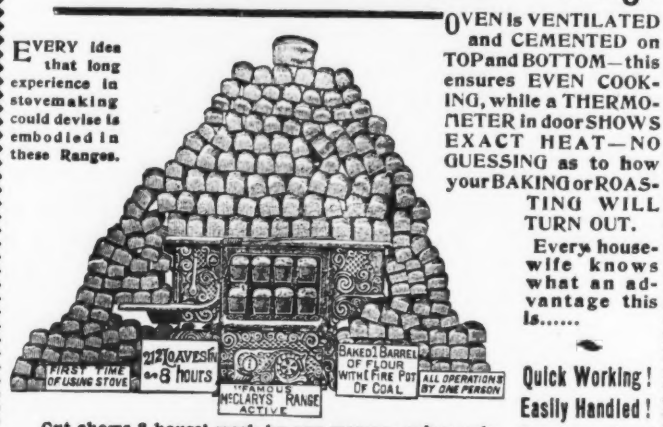
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backyard."

"How long will this last?" I asked.

"Oh, let me see," the old man replied; "I think until he begins to collect stamps. Yes, and after stamps will come birds' eggs, autographs, minerals and curiosities."

"And after that?" I asked dolefully.

"After that will come lighter exercise, tennis and horseback riding. Then will come music, and heaven protect you from the cornet. Try to steer him toward the flute or violin. The sounds of these may be more or less deadened, and you can make him practice in the barn. With the desire to make pleasant sounds will come the desire for girls. Yes, girls will come at last, and they are a fad that we never get over. Don't be worried, however. He will not want to get married right off. It will be after college and after a few love affairs. And the chances are that he will marry the right girl, even if she is not the girl you and your wife have picked out."

"Well, that will end the fads, anyway," I interjected.

"Not at all," said my old friend. "After that will come children. You're only a boy enjoying the latest of your fads yourself."

I suppose the old man is right. But I have one thing to look forward to. When that boy of mine is grown up and has children of his own, won't I have fun watching him bring them up? Oh, the trouble he'll have! But, confound it, come to think about it they'll be my grandchildren and another fad of my own.



The Star Boarder (on his vacation)—They seem to know that I've lived on veal nearly all winter.—N. Y. Truth.

Delusive Figures.

An old man went into an insurance office, says Cassell's Saturday Journal, and wanted to take out a policy on his life.

He was greeted courteously, but the first question he was asked was enough to spoil his chances.

"How old are you?"

"Ninety-four," was the astonishing reply.

"Why, my good man," said the manager with a laugh, "we cannot insure any one of your age."

"Suppose I had been fifty?" asked the applicant.

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WHEN ILL Steuben Sanitarium, Hornetville, N. Y. Send for free illustrated brochure and personal references from your own vicinity.

"Why, of course, in that case—" "Well, sir," returned the old man triumphantly, "I have been reading the table of vital statistics issued by your office, and I find that twice as many people die at the age of fifty as at the age of ninety. So, sir, you must admit that I am a good risk." But, strange as it may seem, the manager would not admit anything of the kind.

Cowardly. "Papa," asked Tommy, "is it cowardly to strike something littler than you that can't defend itself?" "It is, indeed," replied his father. "Well, I don't know," reflected Tommy, "I don't see how we could light the gas without striking a match."

THE TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT

EDMUND E. SHEPPARD - Editor

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Saturday Night Out of Town.

Wherever you go for vacation you can have "Saturday Night" mailed to you. To any address in Canada or the United States, 20c. a month; to foreign addresses, 25c. a month. Ask your newsdealer or write to this office.

Gossip from Europe.

THE Naval Review impressed the world and filled English hearts with a great satisfaction. One writer recalls that the first review of the kind was held by George III. one hundred and twenty-four years ago, but that that display was as nothing compared with the recent one. The Queen, at her first review (February 1842), was very anxious to see the men at dinner, so she went to the flag-ship for the purpose. She was accompanied by Prince Albert, the Prince's brother, and the Duke of Wellington. As she stepped on the lower deck the men rose, and continued standing, but the Queen sat down, and requested them to do the same, and give her some soup and beef. They were going to send for a spoon and fork for Her Majesty; she, however, said that she would use the mess spoons. "Very good, but hot," was her opinion of the food, and then she proposed that she should drink the men's health and the men hers, which proposal brought a look of consternation into the boatswain's face—for Her Majesty was sitting on the grog cupboard. The difficulty was got over; to the boatswain's call of "Attention!" Victoria drank to the health of the men, and the latter replied, "Her Majesty's health; God bless her!"

The first review of real magnitude took place nearly forty years ago (August 1853), for it was then that steam-power for naval purposes was practically illustrated to the world. There were twenty-five vessels, representing 1,100 guns and 10,000 men. The gigantic ships of war—not considered gigantic now—went without sails and at the rate of eleven miles an hour against wind and tide. They went through a mimic fight, a race home, and a gun-boat attack. "The people were filled with astonishment," commented my informant. This grateful feature of the naval reviews of those days will probably not be recorded again, for a couple of years later the people applauded at the sight of two hundred and forty ships of war, but they were no longer astonished. The Prince Consort, it is true, wrote: "A wonderful sight!" but Englishmen had already, if not become blasé, been taught to expect so much that there was no longer room left for astonishment. That feeling on this last occasion was imported—I am not playing upon words; it was literally imported, for it came from the foreigners and from our own kin across the seas who watched this mighty display of England's naval power. Long may it remain so!

The Hon. T. A. Brassey has an interesting article in the *Army and Navy Gazette*, in which he says the colonies cannot, in the present state of development, relieve our burdens in any very material degree; but he points out that they can take their share by supplying men to the fleet, and perhaps by forming regiments of the line. Mr. Brassey's view as to the possibility of enrolling 5,000 men in Canada and 1,000 in Australia as a naval reserve deserves attentive consideration. He advocates the stationing of drill ships or the placing of batteries at St. John's, Quebec, Sydney, Melbourne and Capetown, and rightly says that nothing would conduce more to widen the colonial conception of responsibility in the matter of Imperial defence than the fact that Canadians, Australians and South Africans were serving side by side with Englishmen in all corners of the world.

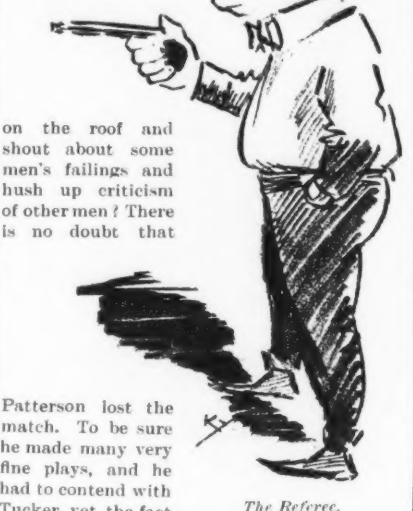
Miss Bessie Bonsall of Toronto has scored quite a success in London, and there are competent judges who say that her voice is among the finest half-dozen contraltos in the world. She made quite a hit at Lord Glenoe's at Home in the Imperial Institute, sang in the stock company at the Savoy, and sang the part of Pitti Sing in the Mikado before the Prince and Princess of Wales. That was her first appearance in the role, but she made such a success of it and showed such talent as an actress in addition to her singing, that her future is no longer speculative. Miss Bonsall will presently run over home for a short concert engagement in Canada and the United States, and then return to London to pursue her successes.

It is not necessary to repeat his remarks. When his wife heard them imperfectly, being in the next room, she said: "Oh, do say that over again, dear." "Look here, woman," he replied in a concentrated voice, "when a man gets his finger caught between a sprocket and a chain, it is no time for his wife to get funny." "Oh!" said she; "was that it? I thought you were repeating one of those Christian Endeavor yells."—*Indianapolis Journal*.



Last Saturday's lacrosse match at Rosedale was one of the finest games ever played in Toronto. There have been games marked by more consistent and persistent accuracy on the part of all concerned, but I have never seen a game in which the ups and downs were more fairly distributed, and where excitement had more room for play. Toronto men were tripped up very frequently, yet with equal regularity Shamrock players would get over the eye or on the neck, and through it all there was invariable good humor, and no pugilism marred the sport. Before the game began Dwyer was pointed out to me as the man who had undertaken to "kill" Toronto's darling, Ernie Burns. He looked, in a muscular way, equal to manslaughter, but when he turned his face around it was not the countenance of a man-killer, and indeed he played not only a remarkably good game of lacrosse, but an extremely clean game. If we overlook the fact that the Shamrocks indulged in the trick of tripping up Toronto men, then only the most unqualified praise is due them. Toronto appeared to have the game safely won, yet in the last seven minutes all was lost.

Who was responsible for the loss of the game? It is not a nice question to raise, but when other games have been lost the question has been promptly raised and men have been shelved without ceremony. Why should we get out



The Referee.

on the roof and shout about some men's failings and hush up criticism of other men? There is no doubt that Patterson lost the match. To be sure he made many very fine plays, and he had to contend with Tucker, yet the fact stands that in the last seven minutes he lost the game. There is no use throwing bouquets at him all the time unless he continues to earn them. He secured the ball not far from the Toronto flag, ran out free of the field, could have thrown it into the clubhouse, the grand-stand, or to the other end of the field, yet instead he raised his stick and threw it straight across into a Shamrock stick as neat as you please. Dade promptly passed it back to Tucker, (uncovered by Patterson), and he scored. It was easy. His duty, in front of the Toronto goal, was to get the ball out of dangerous territory; his duty, within seven minutes of the call of time and Toronto one ahead, was to protract the game. But he passed across so badly that he might as well have shot it through the flags. Then, with the score a tie and a minute and a half to play, he failed to stay with the dangerous Mister Tucker, who soon had the ball on his stick and scored any way he liked.

The Capitals might as well drop proceedings against those men who are under suspicion of selling a game. A man may play a very queer game without having planned it. I doubt if any of the Ottawa four played a queerer game than did Patterson on this occasion, yet no one would suggest that the Toronto man meant to give his team a throw-down. It only shows that the best players sometimes make fatal mistakes. I must say a word about Moran, whom I consider the greatest lacrosse player in Canada. I think he is without an equal. He never fags. No strain tells on his endurance. He never loses his head. When the enemy has the ball, Moran hugs his cheek; when Toronto has the ball, Moran loses his cheek and is always out somewhere to receive the rubber and put it to skilful use. He is the star player of the league. Some say that the Torontos have trained too fine, but as Moran is by long odds the hardest worker in practice and shows no signs of over-training, perhaps some of the others could stand training as severe and regular as his.

Whether anything will be accomplished by the enquiry set on foot by the officers of the Capitals is doubtful. Sportsmen in that city seem very much divided in their sympathies, and aside from that, the progress so far made is not at all encouraging for those who hold that fraud was practiced and that punishment should follow. Some are bold enough to say that some strange revelations will be made if the case goes any further.

The *Globe's* despatch from Owen Sound giving the result of the lacrosse match last Saturday between the Tecumsehs and the Garnets of Wiarton, accused the northern men of indulging in very rough work. After two hours' play the game ended in a tie, 4-4. In that despatch it was stated that the Islanders braved scored the first three goals, and it is suggested that Wiarton succeeded in getting even by using their sticks like flails and terrorizing the Toronto men. That des-

patch was not fair. The Garnets can play better lacrosse than the Quebecs or Nationales, which meet the Tecumsehs in home and home games, and it is dishonest to ascribe the tie between the teams at Owen Sound to any other cause than the fact that they were evenly matched. The Garnets would not abuse the Tecumsehs very much by rough play, for I think the Islanders are much heavier men and not easily frightened. When the score was tied there remained 21 minutes to play, and neither side scored in that time. This would indicate that the teams were evenly matched.

That game in Owen Sound was arranged, I believe, as the result of a suggestion offered by me a few weeks ago, and I then thought, and still think, that the Garnets can play better lacrosse than the eastern teams against which the Tecumsehs are forced to play through their failure to get into the big league. Owen Sound and Wiarton are at daggers drawn, and that despatch no doubt emanated from some Owen Sounder who shared the general prejudice against the Garnets, who likely enough are not cooling doves. A leading citizen of Wiarton writes as follows:

It was an exhibition of clean lacrosse. The only features that marred the game were the libelous report of rough play sent out by the Owen Sound correspondent of the *Globe*, and the fact that from three to four hundred Owen Sounders walked into the field and refused to pay the small admission of 10c. and 10c., and the Owen Sound police refused to expel them, although we had the written permission of the Town Council to use the grounds. The Tecumsehs and the Garnets should play a return match. I am requested by a Wiarton correspondent to say that the Garnets are ready and anxious to come to Toronto to play the Tecumsehs on the same terms that governed the game at Owen Sound, and I think it may be taken for granted that the Islanders will promptly accept the chance of again meeting a club that broke even with them after two hours' play. Wiarton would draw better and find more backers in town than any of the second-class eastern teams.

It appears that there will be no international cricket match this year, owing to the absence of so many of the leading United States players in England. It is understood that a Philadelphia eleven will come up on dates not yet chosen, to play two or three games in Toronto and Hamilton, and perhaps this may rank in the series. If there is no game this year, it will be the first time in years that the international match has been called off. Will the Ontario eleven go to Philadelphia? Will the international intercollegiate match be played at Haverford, or is it to be an off-year all around? Is Mr. Collins with his Chicago games going to supplant the Association? Mr. Collins is almost as large numerically as the Association, and he is certainly putting Chicago in Philadelphia's place in relation to our local cricketers. It chanced that his eleven went to the Windy City just when many tours were under way at home, and he is bringing the Chicago men here on the dates preferred for the Eastern vs. Western Ontario match. Now that Manitoba has dropped out of the Association, why not invite Mr. Collins to join and rank as a province?

The Philadelphians will finish their English tour off. Why should the international be called off? Two months of the season remain.

When the Torontos picked the team against North Toronto it must have been done under the impression that the match was against North America. The list of names when read aloud sounded like an international event. And still the new club that is gamely struggling to establish itself at Deer Park managed to get the giants out in one afternoon for a score of 20. The games against North Toronto and Woodbine must have made gratifying improvements in the batting averages of the men of international fame. This is the first year, I think, that the Torontos have brought out all their cannon when going on a mosquito hunt. When a new club meets the full strength of strong clubs it exerts itself so much that it either collapses or develops quickly and soon holds its own. The North Toronto and Woodbine clubs deserve praise for the game way in which they grapple with the best of them.

The Island Amateur Aquatic Association held its first regatta for the season last Saturday. There will be three more similar regattas before the big annual event on August 31. Medals and paddles will be given as prizes for the weekly sports, and will be presented with the prizes won at the annual regatta.

The Toronto Swimming Club hold their annual swimming tournament this afternoon. The course is on the west side of the promenade behind the grand-stand at Hanlan's Point. The following are the events in the order arranged: 100 yards scratch, open; 100 yards on back; neat diving; 50 yards handicap; long plunge; 220 yards scratch, open; 50 yards, open to boys under fifteen; 100 yards handicap; old clothes race, 25 yards; egg and spoon race, 50 yards, open; 50 yards scratch; obstacle race, open; team race. There is no entrance fee for the open races, and non-members are especially invited to compete in those events.

The Ramblers' ten-mile handicap at the Woodbine last week was won by a scratch man, Porter, in a fraction over 20 minutes. Another scratch man, Colville, was second, while a half-minute man, Arnold, was third. If the handicapping was fairly done, this is an extraordinarily good performance, scratch men seldom working their way so far to the front.

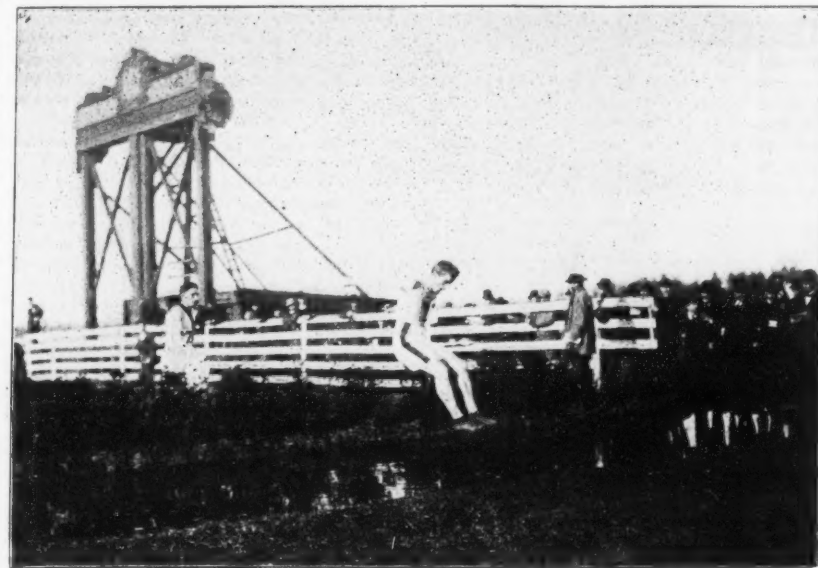
The Queen City road race last Saturday brought out twenty-seven starters. The course was five miles and return over the Lake Shore road, starting at High Park gate. There was a strong west wind blowing which made it interesting work riding out. The limit was seven minutes with one man on the mark. J. Curtin (five minutes) won first place, with R. Falconer (three minutes) second, and F. S. Smith (three minutes) third. J. J. Wright (scratch) won the time prize, though R. Falconer was only twenty-five seconds slower. Elrick, who was expected to finish well up, having done so well in the Dunlop and other races last year, although out of training this season, punctured his tire on the way out and rode four miles back on the rim. Jack Smith (scratch) had a nasty fall. He got caught in a rut, was thrown, got up, and then riders near saw him straighten out and fall

backwards. He was stunned for a few minutes, and after coming around felt too groggy to continue the race. J. J. Wright has been doing a lot of road riding this season. He and his side partner, John Smith, (who, by the way is not the same John Smith that was in this race), two weeks ago went down the Kingston Road for a little twenty-four-hour scorch with a view to causing serious injury to the Canadian record, which they did to the extent of six miles. With his fingers still curled, up after the jolting on the grips, he went into this race on Saturday and covered the ten miles in thirty-one minutes and fifteen seconds. He gets third prize for the century race in Chatham as soon as the officials recover sufficiently from the shock of the second prize (a New Barnes wheel) being stolen to provide another and distribute it and the rest of the prizes. He rides an eighty-four gear, with his saddle well forward, and is a plugger from the word "go" to the finish.

The Toronto Cricket Club plays in Ottawa today, and the Hamilton club plays against Parkdale on Exhibition Lawn, beginning at 11 a. m.

The present home games of the professional

in front of the water-jump. In '94 they were three feet high with brush on top, while two hurdles were placed in front of a twelve-foot water-jump. This year the stone fence was three feet eight inches high by three feet two inches broad. As the distance is two miles and the number of jumps from seventy to eighty-five, it will be seen that this event requires special qualities both as to speed and endurance, and that above all one must be a good jumper and hurdler. Indeed, an athlete with the two last mentioned qualities would have no difficulty in defeating another wanting them, though the latter were much faster on the track in a flat race over the same distance of ground. For instance, let us take A. J. Walsh, a well known New York runner. In a two-mile race the handicapper would not allow him more than sixty yards with myself on scratch, yet on two different occasions I finished over a third of a mile ahead of him in a two-mile steeplechase. Hjertberg, also of New York, is not in Conneff's class as a two-mile runner, but if the flat race were changed into a steeplechase the positions would be immediately reversed. For every yard Conneff would beat him in the flat race, Hjertberg would beat Conneff five over



George W. Orton taking the water jump, 5th lap, Cross Country Championship, April 3, 1897.

ball team are resulting in many wins, and soon Irwin's men will be near the top. The team will almost certainly be in the extra games for the cup. On August 19 the Cleveland Club will play Irwin's men at Hanlan's, and it will be a great game of ball.

THE UMPIRE.

STEEPLECHASING.

IN England, cross-country running has always been a favorite game and test of speed and endurance. Our Anglo-Saxon forefathers had races of this kind. In the Elizabethan period it was frequently a part of the festivities and games among the middle classes. Doubtless in the old "border" days, before England and Scotland were at peace and united, it was considered an accomplishment of no mean order to be a good "cross-country man." With years the sport

the sticks. I have gone somewhat into detail because I understand that a Canadian steeplechase championship is to be given this fall. If the race is managed rightly it is sure to be a success. As it is always better in championship contests to have everything fixed by law, it would be advisable for the C.A.A.A. to adopt the English rules governing this sport. If these cannot be obtained handily, the course should be laid out as follows: Mark it off inside of the running track on the grass. At intervals around the course place five stationary hurdles three feet high topped with brush, a stone fence three feet high by two feet six inches broad, and a water-jump twelve feet broad, with a two-foot-six-inch hurdle in front. We suppose the track to be a quarter-mile, and thus the two-mile steeplechase course on the grass would require nearly nine laps, making about sixty jumps. The above course will be found sufficiently difficult for even the most ambitious. If this sport is once placed on a firm basis in



George W. Orton nearing the finish, Cross Country Championship.

has increased in popularity until it is now firmly established, not only in England, but in almost every country where the English language is spoken. With the advent of the track and athletic grounds, athletics as they are now practiced came to be the fashion. In spite of the running, jumping, weight-throwing, etc., to be found there, the people felt that something was wanting. One day someone conceived the idea of having a cross-country run within the athletic grounds. As there were no fences or ditches, artificial ones were made, and that which was afterwards to be called steeplechasing was instituted. The above, combined with the idea of thus seeing the whole of the "cross-country" run, was very probably that which first gave rise to this sport both as applied to horses and men.

In this explanation of its probable origin, we really have the best description of it, viz.: A race run on the grass over artificial obstacles. In England the number of jumps, their height, the character of the water-jump, and the stone fence are all fixed, but in the United States every kind of an obstacle is found from a two-foot-six-inch hurdle to one four feet high with brush on top. Sometimes they have a water-jump, and at others it is omitted. In '93 the hurdles were three feet six inches high with brush, and a four-foot hurdle was placed a yard

Canada, it is sure to become very popular. The green-topped hurdles, the formidable-looking stone fence and water-jump, the athletes clearing the obstacles or splashing into the water, make up a *tout ensemble* which for picturesqueness and excitement is to be found in no other race.

Because of the many questions asked me about the race, I append the following paragraph:

Although two miles is the standard distance, we find races of this kind from three-quarters of a mile up to six miles. The pictures accompanying this short article were taken in the so-called cross-country championship of America run at Morris Park this spring. It was really a six-mile steeplechase, for it was run over the famous Morris Park steeplechase course. No man could jump all the obstacles, as they were built for horses. The course was covered in thirty-five minutes and fifty-eight seconds, the last mile in close to five minutes. This was the greatest steeplechase ever run in America, over sixty starting and nearly all finishing. If the coming Canadian steeplechase is made not only an individual, but also a team or club contest, as the above-mentioned race was, I have no doubt that the number of entries will even exceed the American figures.

GEORGE W. ORTON.

Flotsam and Jetsam of the Great Fete

[The editor is pleased to announce that he has arranged for three short articles by Miss Joanna E. Wood, of Queenston, Ont., whose novel, *The Untempered Wind*, proved such a phenomenal success two years ago. Miss Wood attended the Jubilee in London, and also visited the Continent. Next week's article will deal with Paris and with what Parisians are doing and saying just now. Miss Wood is very familiar with Paris, and altogether the three articles will be found to possess unusual merit and charm.—EDITOR.]

PAPER I.

TO merge our individual voices in the universality of a nation's acclamations; to forget our personal plans, ambitions and desires, and remember only that we are molecules of the great national energy; to steep our grimy, self-seeking souls in the healing waters of loyal enthusiasm—surely that is a regenerative and salutary experience! And if, after the great national fete, one came away with a saving sense of his own insignificance, he bore with him an enchanting and exulting realization of the illimitable power which lies in union.

The roar of welcome which swept the route of the procession was a splendid typification of this. Usually the human voice is but a poor thing, each one preaching his own gospel in his own wilderness. How querulous when compared with the calls of birds! How harsh beside the suavity of the sighing wind! But in union the *vox humana* has the dignity of Niagara's diapason. And when, listening, one thought of the physical energy behind that roar, he recognized the force and truth of the war hymn which says, "Britons never, never, never shall be slaves." And if he was a Colonial he put more vim into his shout and felt his muscles. Dear Old Mother Country! If a child of thine forget thee, may his right hand lose its cunning!

From a spectacular point of view the procession was probably never equaled—unless those old fables of Carthage which Flaubert tells us of are true.

It is the fashion in some quarters to speak of the blood royal as being degenerate, but no just person having seen this procession could deny that the royalties are handsome, wholesome, well-set-up-looking men and women. Many of the women were very fine-looking. Princess Mary looks every inch a queen—stately, gracious and unaffected. She and her husband occupied a box at the Alhambra Music Hall one night when I was there, and seemed to enjoy themselves very thoroughly.

The story of the procession has been told and retold, and I wonder why more comment has not been made upon the extraordinary familiarity which was displayed by the throng in regard to the history and achievements of the different troops. Every urchin seemed to know in what battles they had participated, and when such troops as the Scotch Greys, the Grenadiers, or the Lancers went by, the tide of applause swelled higher and higher—the Lancers (the "Death or Glory" boys) made a very gay and gallant show with their alternate ranks of pennon-adorned lances and drawn swords. And the Highlanders! Well, I am Scotch, and may not permit myself to begin about them lest I forget when to stop. History shows that in all the wide world there are no better men nor fiercer fighters than those brought upon the Bible and the bagpipes, and so far as appearances go the representative Highlanders in the procession sustained this reputation nobly.

The Colonials *did* look well. I heard many admiring exclamations as our men went by. Britain had every reason to be very proud of her representative children from over the seas. It was difficult to decide which were the favorites among the Colonials: I think the Canadian Highlanders and the Australians, in their carket cloth uniforms and picturesque hats turned up with cock feathers. Very soldierly men these were, bronzed and lithe, their workman-like uniforms adorned only by cartridge-belts, and riding their horses splendidly.

I think all Canadians should be very proud that such a man as Sir Wilfrid Laurier represented them officially. Many of us are really "not on his side." Personally I am one of these, but I felt very proud to acknowledge him as our representative. His face was pale, thoughtful and very calm, the countenance of a man who recognized the significance of the great pageant in which he played a part. There was no hint of personal elation in his expression. He wore rather the look of a man who repeats silently to himself solemn vows of fealty, knowing that the time may be near at hand when the fulfillment of his vow will be required of him.

The Blue Jackets were splendid. Very many of them were blond, and they looked like the true heirs of the old Vikings. And the Indian troops, with their swathed turbans and rich embroideries, made a most effective picture. Indeed, the presence of so many Eastern people in London lent picturesqueness to even commonplace scenes, and go where one would, to Richmond Park or classic Cambridge, one got a whiff of sandal wood from the folds of an East Indian's garments, or a savor of delicate opium cigarettes as impassive, almond-eyed Chinese went by.

Everyone knows of the Houssa Artillery from Africa. The average height of the men was six feet three—veritable black giants they looked, with latent savagery in their eyes. And one would wish to speak of Wolseley and Roberts, very businesslike and determined-looking soldiers, despite the bullion of their braids. And the Lord Mayor, so plump, so cherubic, so gorgeous in his velvet mantle, so jaunty upon his prancing horse, I am sure jolly Dick Whittington was just such another Lord Mayor. But are not all these things written in a thousand newspapers?

After the day's enthusiasm came the illuminations, when London lighted all its ways and sent up daring messages of joy into the face of the stars—as if to challenge the glory of heaven with the glory of Britain. With rare good taste St. Paul's Cathedral was left undecorated—its gray dome, revealed by persistent search-lights, stood out grave and solemn against the sky, like a signet of stability set upon the glorious page of varying light which hung over London, or like a symbol of the deep, strong note of tenderness which, amid the

glamor of the pageant, vibrated between the hearts of the people and the Queen—God bless her!

JOANNA E. WOOD.

Owed to Phœbus, God of the Sun.

For Saturday Night.

'Twas Chas. A. Dana, that new Phœbus,
Charitoteer of the New York Sun,
With the one-cell brain and the mind amoebous,
And the wit as heavy as a wet Bath-bun;
And thus he spake: "Now I've a notion
(One is a fill for amoeboid pates)
"John Bull has annexed the Atlantic Ocean,
And now he wants the Atlantic States."
(And it's ho ho ho, and it's have have have,
Just listen to the wisdom of the little jackdaw).

"A sly old beast is Britain's lion,
But the New York Sun, it never sinks,
And Chas. A. Dana has his eye on
Every move by the great high Jinks!
My X ray optic never missed him,
And that's the game he's up to—mark!
But he'll have to quench my solar system
To catch our eagle in the dark."
(And it's ho ho ho, and it's have have have,
For the bald-headed eagle and the little jackdaw).

"Let Europe cringe and Asia cower,
Chas. A. Dana's voice is free;
Let the British prate of a naval power,
But the pow'r of the pen is the pow'r for me.
I've a tub of ink and a ton of paper,
Know my Billingsgate by rote,
And the British beast will cut a caper,
When he reads the leader I've just wrote."
(And it's ho ho ho, and it's have have have, [dave],
For the jabber-gasted jabber of the little jack-

Toronto, July 30.
O.H.



The Capital Letter in the word "Sport."

The Order of the Bathing-Cap.

YOU may talk of ocean steamships and record the sensations of the refined cabin passenger; your waves may thunder on a rock-bound coast or encircle a desolate island where palms grow and there is a solitary foot-print on the sands, searing the ages; you may be a fisherman on the Newfoundland banks or an Arctic explorer inexorably detained in that vast cold-storage warehouse—there are a thousand possible majestic ways of being convincing and artistic about the sea. But after all what is better than to cross a strip of gray sand, disappear within a wooden shack modestly sheltered by a fringe of low-growing trees, and then, and then, with a fatuous smile, hasten to the lip of the great cool cup and step in?

On a hot day when the sand scintillates madly in your eyes, one gets a delicious idea that here is the universal remedy for the ills of mankind, big enough and cooling beneath, beyond the imagination of a dream. And thirsty feet gallop to the verge and twinkle in a momentary flourish on entering, regardless of thoughtless criticism from those who are watching on the shore. Soon they will be as you are, or they have merely been wriggling into their clothes when you have been spontaneously disrobing.

There is a compelling sense of duty about bathing in the sea that drives mottled blue and purple summer boarders through a frigid east wind and in a slanting rain to paddle in the slack of the tide and then clamber wildly under the surface of an unkindly rolling wave. They have come all this way to bathe, and bathe they must and will. "Oh, wait till I go down just this once more! Don't you think you're getting a little warmer? The reaction will soon begin! Oh! Oh! Out!" And the sea slaps you all smartly like naughty little children.

What a thing that reaction is! I have seen a plump Miss positively sweating as she dabbled her white fingers in the deep that sparkled around her. She couldn't understand anyone feeling cold. It was a little unpleasant at first, of course, but one could get a hot bath at home. And at that same moment an anxious mamma would be calling on the slanting shore, with hasty retreats and petulant advances as the waves came and went: "Johnny, Johnny, you've been in long enough; come out, come out at once." And when Johnny did come, generally at the sixth time of asking, he would be trotted in 2.40 time up to the bathing-house, and later he would do his little half-mile along the beach with a biscuit trot into his chilly fingers. He liked bathing, too, or said he did, courageous young Johnny.

What a long, scampering, smiling row of figures, queer and dear and jolly, runs across that strip of sand when one thinks back. Bathing-caps and short skirts, petticoated Jannies with waving towels and dripping hair, quite uncontrollable, crazy young wenches, who were always learning to swim and hardly ever managed it. It is hard enough to suppress a squeal when the water creeps up and up towards the fortress of one's being with the sea smiling, "So soft, so bright, so bloomin' blue," but what an outcry goes up to heaven on a boisterous day! A mere sprinkling of these maidens had been taught that it was weak and hysterical to make a fuss about the cold, and they went in with tight lips and a look of courage about the brows, envious of some exemplar bravely that they had not forgotten.

There is an advantage in disposing of pathetic incidents near the beginning, and so let us get

rid of this little figure seated in mournful resignation on the sand, who is an Aunt Maggie to only two of the girls, but who, perched on the highest ridge within call, counts, and counts them all with a broad humanity. She half-rises sometimes when she is quite sure that one is missing, and counts them all over again on her fingers. Then a bobbing head elongates into a watery torso and a cheering shout comes in to her. "We're all here, Aunt Maggie. Dear Aunt Maggie, don't count any longer; nothing could happen to us, you know." But that little figure was the only sigh in the heart of the place if one could omit the painful moment, awaited with nervous indignation, when the only-for-your-own-good parent dipped the howling, whimpering babies and then sent them home, always to be disciplined again the next day.

But then there was the lady of title whose memory stands rocklike upon the shifting sands. Such a brief and simple garment she wore, the lady of title, and how she swam! a triumph of notable instruction. There was a moment when she composed her features, always undisturbed and mildly philosophic, and gravely and firmly and quietly retired beneath the surface of the deep, thence to reappear with calm, wide eyes and without the slightest change of expression, without the slightest change of any kind except the liquid flowing of her hair. This feat of nerves was a standing miracle to those whose bodies were a mere riot of sensation, and the moment of her engulping was waited for with an awed fascination by the speculative many. Until that was over one's own skirmish with the sea was of secondary importance.

The lady of title was not our only attraction. There was also Boadicea, or the British Matron Learning to Swim. She carried herself even in the water with the proud pomp of a piece of statuary, and rode on the waves so long as her feet were set on the sand with the speed of a triumphal car. She was constantly crying to those about her, and when she cried she would wave her arms as if to enfold the deep: "Now watch me! Am I doing it right? How do my legs go? Can I swim any better to-day?" At that highly expected point of time there would be a foamy commotion, a disappearance, and ultimately a disheveled shape, to be imagined, not described.

A nip from a heavily-mailed crab on a pink toe was a screaming joke for the rest of the sun-kissed, idle crew, but even this edge of the deep that was known to them had two terrors, not to be made light of by the majority of the bathing-caps. There was eel grass to be crossed by a mournful procession when the tide was low, and there was the floating, implacable, magenta jelly-fish that one might swim into headlong, or embrace accidentally but warmly, a thing that could not see but that seemed to know where you were, and came floating, floating, floating with long stringy feelers warranted to sting the most sophisticated. The eel grass was supposed to be untenanted until one night a canoe of Indians came with a flambeau and picturesquely speared a multitude under our very eyes. It was the last night of the season, and a vow was registered never again to molest the green-waving treacherous deeps. But the winter dealt kindly with us in our absence and there may be seen again the dancing circle in the deepening shallows, with arms flashing in the sun, still declining to come out when a conscientious voice from the shore says it is time, still learning to swim, and still again experiencing the indigestible taste of salt water when taken in an overdose.

RHUE.

Recessional.

God of our fathers, known of old—
Lord of our far-flung battle-line—
Beneath Whose awful hand we hold
Dominion over palm and pine—
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

The tumult and the shouting dies—
The captains and the king depart;
Still stands Thine ancient Sacrifice,
An humble and a contrite heart.
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

Far called our navies mated away—
On dune and headland sinks the fire—
Lo, all our pomp of yesterday
Is one with Nineveh and Tyre!
Judge of the Nations, spare us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

If, drunk with sight of power, we loose
Wild tongues that have not Thee in awe—
Such boasting as the Gentiles use
Or lesser breeds without the Law—
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

For heathen hearts that put their trust
In reeking tube and iron shard—
All valiant dust that builds on dust,
And guarding calls not Thee to guard—
For frantic boast and foolish word,
Thy mercy on Thy people, Lord!

AMEN.

RUDYARD KIPPLING.

A Stiff Game of Poker.

A DENVER gambler named Dougherty, while in New York, where he found the games too slow for him, heard that a pretty stiff game of poker was played in Persia. So to Persia Dougherty sailed, and he was soon popular among the young princes, even if he could not talk Persian. They play poker somewhat differently there from what we do in this country. There is never any money in sight. A man sits near the table and records the bets, and a settlement is made after the game is over. This book-keeper is also a linguist, and whenever foreigners play with these princes, as in Dougherty's case, he tells of the "raises." One night Dougherty had been trailing in on nearly every hand, only to be beaten in the "show-down." Finally he caught a pair of sixes about the time one of the princes caught four of a kind. There had been a deal of "jolly" and "horse-play" going on all the night. Dougherty, of course, could not understand the words that were being spilled out around him every second, but he never said anything or looked interested. He would simply skin his cards, come in when he wanted to or lay down, just as the notion struck him. When he picked up his sixes, he looked the Persian in the eye, and

the Persian laughed.

"Tru-le-lu," said the Persian.

"Guying me, I reckon," said Dougherty, "but I'll give you some of your own sort of words. Tru-le-lum."

"Tru-le-lu-lu," said the Persian.

"Tru-le-le-le-lu-lu-lu-lu," replied Dougherty; but before he could get the words out of his mouth, the young prince threw down his four of a kind, kicked the table over, fell forward on a sofa lying near, and broke out in a sob.

"My God, man!" exclaimed the interpreter, "you raised him 'leven millions that time!"

Grimby Park.

Some Disinterested Comments.

I THINK it was Will Carleton who said: "Some men are born for great things. And some are born for small. And some, 'tis not decided. Why they were born at all."

A cynic might say the latter class preponderated at summer resorts. True, we have some here who were born for great things—you can judge that by their ambitious conversation, their large talk; true, also, we have some here who were seemingly born for small things—those who patiently "stand and serve;" but the larger class do not as yet wear phylacteries, they are not branded for life. All species and natures mingle here, and, like a successful literary society in a Manitoba hamlet, where each individual is a self-constituted and self-respected genius, it is really a wonder there is so much harmony and peace. Here we have the American and the Canadian, the sweet-natured and the sour, the German and the baby, the pretty and the proud, the boy and the grandma, who all go in bathing, ride bicycles, chew gum, attend the lectures and concerts, and seek to betray in their benign countenances the hereditary glory which is due their fair names, but which in truth is distant, very distant, yet lends enchantment to their own intelligent view. They all cry with Hamlet: "Seems? I know not seems! Nay, it is!"

The great Talmage, whom we may respect for his past work, though now he seems to be a failure, probably because this active generation demands young men even for its pulpits—the great Talmage once wrote about "the sublime wretchedness of watering-places." I remember reading his smart description with hearty interest as he bade us behold the hypocrisy of pleasure-seekers pretending to be happy at watering-places in order to be accounted fashionable, the superiority of their innate quality being in proportion to the amount of joy they could affect, while they were really oppressed with worries financial, matrimonial and wardrobe. Talmage did say a great many true things, though sarcastic, in that article, and I would advise you to read it for your diversion you will find it in a little volume, *Crumbs Swept Up*. But, after all, there is a restfulness and a freedom about cottage and camp life; wandering among the beautiful trees; inhaling the lake breezes; consuming the fresh fruit; sitting on the picturesque benches where Hamilton people have carved their eternal names; hearing the soothing words of passionless preachers; exchanging harmless opinions with the sons and daughters of Adam; watching the gambols of pretty children; conniving at the antics of helpless doves; listening to the carols of morning birds; washing your feet on the pebbly beach—surely all this is conducive to health and happiness. For fear I should be misunderstood, I will say plainly this is an ideal spot to spend the summer vacation.

The Sabbath here is a day of quiet and rest. No rude alarms of trolley cars; the bicyclists even control themselves on that day; bathers, if they bathe at all, go beyond the pale of Methodism, without the limits of the Park. The day is at least kept formally quiet; as to whether it is kept "holy," I cannot say, for that depends on the people's hearts, which another must judge. Some Americans were fearing the very approach of Sunday, but surely worship in the great cool temple beside the blue lake is satisfaction sufficient for any guileless soul on the Sabbath day. It would, however, be just as well if the Park authorities, in arranging the season's programme, would provide preachers a little above the common, prosy type. They could do this and yet avoid the desecration of the Sabbath by the thronging of a curious crowd to behold pulpits wonders incarnate.

Talking with an intelligent Southerner the other day, he expressed great admiration of the vastness of Britain's Empire, which Mr. Frank Yeigh's illustrated lecture on Britain's Girdle of the Globe helped him to understand. Those representations of Mr. Yeigh's were truly grand, and little wonder the Southerner, who never thought we belonged to such a vast empire, was astonished and charmed. He did not like, however, the appeal to the war spirit. I explained that it was unusual, but pardonable perhaps in this Jubilee year. Mr. Yeigh had told about an English or Canadian professor who was lecturing to an American audience, and who in the swells of eloquent climax stated somewhat as follows: "No, gentlemen, the British lion, though surrounded by foes, will never draw in its horns nor retreat into its shell! Never!" Asked if there was really such hatred of Canadians by the Americans as rumored often, the Southerner replied: "No! Indeed, the Yanks would like to annex Canada, or at least Ontario; they care not so much about Quebec, which seems to be the back street or slum of Canada." I smiled at his annexation idea, and assured him the best they could do was to assent to an arbitration treaty. This, he said, would be done, and that speedily, for the intelligent class would demand it; only such men as Carnegie and his clique, for perfectly obvious reasons, would oppose it. Then we spoke briefly of the race or color-line question. In the South, he said, the whites had the same feeling towards the blacks as the Canadians have towards the Indians. The whites always oppose the blacks, and since the great war the whites have had no franchise and there has not been an honest election. There is practically no race question, for the whites will not associate with the blacks, so plans must be laid accordingly. In concluding this gentleman censured the aristocratic-preference principle in Canada. This, he said, we got from England, and it did not exist

in the United States. Uncle Sam appreciates ability and will give it immediate reward. This is true to a degree of Miss Canada. She appreciates worth, but in certain circles is slow sometimes to immediately give worth its due and place.

A feeling of sadness came over the Park last Sabbath afternoon, or at least over the number who gathered on the green hill by the lake to hear a lady from the States give a short address. The sadness did not arise from the fact that the speaker was a lady, nor from the fact that her address was short, but it was caused by the intense earnestness of her thought. She urged in the Salvationist's way the duty of personal testimony in life, and word, and thought. No doubt Christians need to be continually reminded of their personal obligations, but most of us are cheerfully trying to do what we can along that line. Many of the people who are here are likely tired workers, yet some good persons forget to honor their accepted Master in their vacations. I heard a lady the other day pompously say she was at home teacher of a Bible class and president of a Female Society, but from her general talk and life you would not say to her, "Thy speech betrayeth thee." Truly religion, if anything at all, ought to be the sanctification of the whole life. However, we do not want many more meetings like that one, which some zealots even continued in song after it was formally closed. It was not nice for cottagers in the vicinity to behold so much waste of religious sweetness; it was not right to make them witness such holy gasconading. The loving plea of the earnest speaker, at any rate, was not for more public declamation of Christ, but for more private uplifting of His love and power.

MOSQUITO.

Grimby Park, July 26, '97.

Gold.

Gold! gold! gold! gold!
Bright and yellow, hard and cold,
Molten, graven, hammered and rolled;
Heavy to get, and light to hold;
Hoarded, bartered, bought and sold,
Stolen, borrowed, squandered, doled;
Spurned by the young, but hugged by the old
To the very verge of the church-yard mold;
Price of many a crime untold:
Gold! gold! gold! gold!
Good or bad a thousand-fold!
How widely its uses vary—
To save—to ruin—to curse—to bless—
As even its minted coins express.
Now stamped with the image of good Queen Bess,
And now of a Bloody Mary.

HOOD.

Oscar or Reginald.

THE question as to whether the naming of the baby belongs, as a matter of right, to the baby's father or to the baby's mother, is raised in a queer law-suit originating in Eastkill, in the heart of the Catskill Mountains. The plaintiff is Ole Halverson, a Swede, who has sued for damages the Rev. J. G. Remerton, a German Lutheran minister of the same place, and the pleadings set forth the following state of facts: Mr. and Mrs. Halverson have a son of tender years. The former desired that the boy should be called Oscar, after the present monarch of Mr. Halverson's fatherland. Mrs. Halverson dislikes the name of Oscar, and was determined that the baby should not be burdened therewith. Mr. and Mrs. Halverson took the baby to the clergyman to be christened. Mr. Halverson requested the minister to name the child Oscar, but Mrs. Halverson had already talked the reverend gentleman over, and to Mr. Halverson's surprise and indignation the boy was christened not Oscar, but something else, whereby Mr. Halverson suffered serious disappointment, loss of authority in his household, laceration of feelings, etc., for which he prays damages. The clergyman's defence is that he christened the child in accordance with the wishes of its mother, whose rights in the premises he considered paramount. The case brings up a novel question in jurisprudence, the decision of which will be regarded with interest in thousands of families throughout the land.

The Dress-suit Case.

THE passing of the dress-suit case is a subject which receives grave attention from the New York Times. Time was, and not so very long ago either, when the dress-suit was a symbol of social position, if not actually of wealth. It was the exclusive property of gentlemen who habitually wore dress-coats every evening. The dress-suit case is now the traveling companion of people who never wear swallow-tailed coats, and never intend to. It is used by women and children. It is stuffed full of calico frocks and copper-toed shoes. A man who feels himself better than his fellow-men and desires publicly to express his feelings, can no longer afford to carry a dress-suit case. Once gout, too, was a sign of distinction. The presence of gout in a family was almost as surely a warrant of its descent from nobility as the bar sinister. But democracy has changed all that. Beer is almost as conducive to gout as the rarest vintage of Burgundy. As for the dress-suit case, it cannot survive. The childish multitude which has thoughtlessly taken it up will soon abandon it for a more commodious and less rectangular article, while the elite are not likely to return to its use.

The loyalty of Toronto is attested even by its weather. Her Majesty celebrates her record reign this year, and on Monday night Toronto had a record rain.

"Papa, how do the people in the weather bureau find out what kind of weather we are going to have?" "I didn't know that they did, my son."—*Yonkers Statesman*.

He—Does it make you nervous when I rock the boat? She—Yes; but I should have remembered that all the—the people who rock boats—are not dead yet.—*Puck*.

"He valet got even with Reginald for discharging him," said one young man. "How?" enquired the other. "Set his watch ahead, so that Reginald got his evening clothes on at half past five."—*Kalamazoo Telegraph*.

Lady (after going over the whole stock of blankets)—You needn't show me any more. I only came in to look for a friend with whom I had an appointment here. Perspiring shopman (politely)—If you think your friend is among the blankets, madam, I shall be happy to go over them again for you.—*Tit-Bits*.

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RIVER RAIL

Anecdotal.

It is said that Lincoln thus replied to a letter asking for a "sentiment" and his autograph: "Dear Madam,--When you ask from a stranger that which is of interest only to yourself, always enclose a stamp. There's your sentiment and here's your autograph.--A. LINCOLN."

A native of Scotland, traveling in the United States, was taken to see Niagara Falls, says *Household Words*. "There," said his American companion, "did you ever see anything so wonderful as that?" "Ay, man," answered the tourist, who had listened to as much American brag as he could well digest; "ay, man, at Peebles I once saw a peacock with a wudden leg."

An autograph hunter, begging a well known journalist's autograph, wrote: "If you deem the request unwarranted on my part, send the refusal in your own handwriting and with your own signature, that I may know it is authentic." An Oxford undergraduate wrote to Dickens: "Sir,--Seeing that you insert rhymes in your serial, I send you some." The reply was: "Sir,--We don't insert rhymes without reason."

In 1827 the then Duke of Clarence was walking out one evening when he happened upon a sailor--a man-of-war's man--palpably drunk and leaning against a lamp-post. "You ought to be ashamed of yourself," said the Duke. "Who are you," hiccupped Jack, "that you should interfere?" "Who am I?" repeated the Duke with severe dignity. "I am the Lord High Admiral of England." "And a d--d good berth, too, mate; see that you keep it," laughed Jack.

There is a story of Bishop Barrington and Philpotts, afterward Bishop of Exeter, who was at the time Barrington's secretary. The bishop said: "I wish you to select for publication twelve of my sermons that you think will do me least discredit." Shortly after, when the sermons had been chosen, the bishop asked: "Do you think that these will do me credit?" "I prefer, my lord," answered Philpotts, "to adhere to your lordship's former expression." The sermons were not published.

A hospital physician, who was making the rounds of the institution in the performance of his regular duties, had visited and prescribed for all the sick inmates except one, an irritable, fretful and troublesome young man who had arrived only a few hours before, and of whose presence the doctor had not been advised. "Well," he said, looking at his watch, "I believe I have seen all the patients, have I not?" "Yes, sir," replied the attendant, a recent importation from the other side of the ocean, "but there is an impatient in ze next room who ees very seek."

When Narvaez, Duke of Valencia, lay on his deathbed, the Archbishop of Granada stood by his side, endeavoring to prepare him for the great change. "I trust you have pardoned all your enemies, that you also may receive forgiveness." "I have no enemies," said the dying man. "But, Your Excellency, a man who has been so long in office as you have--" "I haven't one, I tell you." "Still, it is just possible--" "Not one, I repeat." "Pardon me, Your Excellency--" Losing all patience, Narvaez raised himself up with what strength he had left, and said to the Archbishop: "Look here, I have no enemies; I had them all shot, and there's an end of it."

The closing of the *Cafe de Madrid*, for a long time a favorite resort for Parisian men of letters, recalls a couple of anecdotes to the *Bookman's Paris* correspondent: Proth was one day passing the *cafe* arm in arm with poor Paul Arène. Arène was going in, and urged

him to do the same. Proth resisted, saying there were too many quarrels in that *cafe*, only people with hot tempers, etc. At last he yielded, and, five minutes after being seated, in a heated discussion slapped his contractor's face. "You see," he said to Paul Arène, "is it not an impossible *cafe*?" The time of the second story was the last years of the reign of Napoleon III. Clément Duvernois, who had just passed from the Republican into the Bonapartist camp, was urging a friend of his--a man whom he judged to be amenable to the same arguments that had convinced him--to follow his example. "But," the friend objected, "what will my friends say?" "Oh," Duvernois retorted, "you will only have to change your *cafe*!"

In 1829, when the Russians had taken Varna, nobody would venture to break the news to Mahmoud. The Vizier Khosrew (at that time General in the army) was to have undertaken this duty. On entering the presence of the Sultan, he detected signs of a gathering storm, and therefore confined his remarks to trivial subjects, and took his leave. On coming away he met Abdullah Effendi, physician in ordinary to the Court, who enquired in what mood he had left His Majesty. "I am thankful to say," Khosrew promptly replied, "he has taken it better than I expected." As soon as the doctor entered the audience he said with an air, and in a tone of sympathy: "Sire, the Almighty does all things well, and we shall have to submit." "What do you mean? Explain yourself," exclaimed the Sultan. "It was written--" "Speak, I tell you!" shouted Mahmoud. "Sire, notwithstanding the unbelievers have taken Varna--" "Varna taken?" howled the Sultan, and with a kick he sent Abdullah spinning on the ground. The downy Vizier, listening outside, chuckled over the success of his ruse.

Between You and Me.

VERY few weeks among the many queries which are sent to the newspaper person, crops up one, "How can I make myself popular?" Sometimes it is a girl who writes, probably one of the quiet, neglected girls whom one looks at and pities at the dance or merry-making; perhaps an ambitious and vain creature who envies some much-sought-after acquaintance. Popularity is one of the most curious of things; it goes by no rule, it falls like the rain on good and on evil. One popular man is spoken of with enthusiasm as a prince of good fellows, when his friends know that his principles are *nil* and his moral sense a void. Another is sought after principally because of the high respect folks have for his reliability, honor and justice. We all know examples of such men. As to women, there are fewer of them popular, because for one thing which upsets the soul of man there are a dozen which will rattle the average woman. She will be tempted to say a sharp thing when a man's duller mind will scarcely think it. Her more sensitive feelings make her uneasy, self-conscious and nervous in conditions and circumstances which do not affect the average man in the least, and when a woman is ill at ease she becomes a trying companion and people shun her, and popularity comes not nigh her. Then it is an eternal truth that she who desires to be a popular idol never attains to her shrine. One seldom gets what one desires too much, and I never knew one attain to popularity who craved it. Generally, to say a woman is immensely popular is only another way of saying she is a slave; but sometimes we come across a universally admired one, who takes her own way, is not too intimately known by anyone, and actually lives on a higher plane than the mob. This week a man and a woman each write, "How can I act so as to make myself popular?" It is pathetic, this desire for approval, this self-abasement before the verdict of an ignorant, thoughtless and oftentimes cruel crowd, who judge blindfold, selfish judgments, and whose purr may at smallest misconception change into a growl. It is pleasant, no doubt, to be purr-ed over, but deafness is better, neither to let the purr nor the growl disturb one's ears.

Did you ever hear the queer warning of the Autocrat, "Never give anyone the key of your back-door?" If you didn't, just paste it in your hat, or Queen Mary-like, engrave it upon your heart. We are everlastingly doing this thing, and thieves are forever breaking in to steal our secrets and rattle the bones of our skeletons; and the fault lies in our own foolishness about that key. Have you a weakness which your soul daily confesses to you and begs you to relieve it from? Don't tell your nearest and dearest of it; 'tis the key of your back-door. Have you a cherished ambition? Keep it in your heart; 'tis the key, and your friends don't use your back-door. Have you made a mistake in past days? Remember that it is for all time the key of your back-door, and see no one turns it in the lock. Do you know some story of crime, of scandal, of sorrow or shame? Tell it not. The relating of such gives to him who hears the key of your back-door, and through the ruck of turnip-tops, and potato-skins, and egg-shells, and general debris, he will crawl, and unlock, and view the uncleanness of your soul and loathe you. One cannot lose the key of one's back-door. Someone will pick it up and carry it about and fit it into the lock when you are not on the watch. Drop it into oblivion's deepest well, and some fine day it will come up in the bucket and someone will advertise it, and you'll be sorry. There may perchance be a life without a back-door, but I should not like to believe too much in it. There are back-doors which stand ever open, and others which are often ajar, and others which are hinged, but not securely, and there are locked ones. But open or closed, there is somewhere a key, and the wise ones of the world are very careful over it.

The funniest man struck our town one time, the man who required to have things kicked into him. The first thing he did was to stand about at a crowded corner reading a book, and when a solicitous policeman asked him to move on he refused and dared the large blue and white gentleman to do a thing to him. The former did all he knew how, and the gentleman was commiserated by many sympathizers. Then one day he took a trip on a boat, and when debarkation set in he remained aboard. "All ashore!" sang out the deck steward, in tones calculated to raise one's hair. The gentleman calmly looked out over the bay. "All ashore," I say," remarked the steward, in a war-whop note. The gentleman sat like a rock. "Off the boat, will you?" said the steward belligerently. "No, I will not," said the gentleman with decision, "for, my good man, I intend returning by this boat forthwith." "All right, gov'nor," said the steward. "But you must go ashore and enter by the other gate." The gentleman smiled in a superior manner and the steward went after another blue and white personage, by whom the gentleman was escorted off the boat and put through the gate according to the regulations. A few days later he was manœuvring a bicycle upon a narrow track and against the right of way. A cyclist in rather a hurry came to meet him and rang for place. The gentleman eyed him with his superior smile and rode on. The cyclist rang again, then seeing the other was either deaf or ignorant got off and stood in the way. The gentleman pedaled slap over him and was promptly deposited on his head in the dirt. He received the cyclist's remarks with dignity and a sprained shoulder. I am rather wondering if he'll get out of Toronto alive.

By the way, talking of policemen reminds me that if a by-law has been passed forbidding cyclists to ride on cinder paths in any of the parks, it would be pleasanter for lady cyclists if the city daddies would order some notices to be posted to that effect, instead of having the ladies subjected to a harangue from a blue-coat before an admiring audience of *gamins*, and rendering them the recipients of various insulting remarks from aforesaid roughs, to which the admonishing policeman turns his deaf ear. To hear one of those big fellows scolding a few frightened girls who had not the least idea of last week's new regulations, and to have one's name inscribed in that horrid little book, along with all the aliases of the city's toughs, is rather a trial, but it is what has happened and may happen if notice boards aren't conspicuously posted. Needless to remark that this request has not a personal impulse. Lady Gay adores the big strapping guardians of her goods and chattels, and can ride fast enough to get away from the smartest sprinter of the lot if it comes to a hold-up, but she doesn't like them a bit when they go around in the twilight and scare her girl-friends out of their little blessed wits.

Question.

Why is the king so sad, Father, why is the king so sad?
 Meantime his sire the king is blest, [sad]
 The times are fair and the land at rest;
 With the little prince on the queen's fair breast,
 Why is the king so sad?
 He put the woman he loved aside,
 He stole his heart when his true love cried,
 And took a princess to be his bride!
 And so the king is sad.

Why is the rich man sad, Father, why is the rich man sad?
 Fair on the hills his turrets glow,
 Broad is the meadow spread below,
 Garners and wine-vats overflow;
 Now, why is he so sad?
 His trust for a lordly price he sold,
 He gave his honor for yellow gold;
 It's oh for the peace he knew of old!
 And therefore he is sad.

Why is the poor man sad, Father, why is the poor man sad?
 Health and freedom and love he has,
 A vine-clad cottage beyond the lea
 Where children clamber about his knee;
 Yet why is he so sad?
 He thought of the rich man's wealth and fame,
 He looked on his humble lot with shame;
 Into his life had envy come,
 And therefore he is sad.

Why is the priest so sad, Father, why is the priest so sad?
 Little he knows of worldly care, [sad]
 His place is found in the house of prayer,
 And honor and peace attend him there;
 Why is the priest so sad?
 He marks how the proud ones spoil the meek;
 His heart is hot, but his spirit weak,
 And the words that he would he dare not speak;
 And so the priest is sad.

Why is the world so sad, Father, why is the whole world so sad?
 Every day is a glory sent, [world sad]
 Sunshine, beauty and music blent,
 Fresh from the gracious firmament;
 Then why is the world so sad?
 Alas for the evil ever done!
 Alas for the good deed not begun!
 Alas for our blindness every one!
 By this the world is sad.

ROBERT CLARKSON TONGUE.

Absurd all Around.

Chicago Post.
 "Isn't it absurd what ideas people in small towns have of large cities?"
 "Yes; there's just one thing more absurd."
 "What is that?"
 "The ideas people in large cities have of small towns."

Correspondence Coupon.

The above Coupon must accompany every graphological study sent in. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following Rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up their own and the Editor's time by writing reminders and requests for haste. 3. Quotations, scraps or postal cards are not studied. 4. Please address Correspondence Column. Enclosures unless accompanied by coupons are not studied.

WINDMILLER.--If you don't write the same two days running it's a sign your hand isn't formed for your character. I fancy that's what's the matter with you. However, you have excellent promise, many fine lines, some of which show courage, hope, truth and honesty.

EVANES.--It's very seldom the "graphological expert" gets a letter like yours. So you think we are "rather pert, chipper and saucy in our manner of speaking about the clergy." Well, don't let it influence you. The clergy can stand it. I am so glad you don't ask for a study; you'd not like it.

MARY MARGARET.--Your study is decidedly immature. This is just what you forbid me to say, but I can't help it. You don't possess by any means "an extraordinarily beautiful character," but you have candor and carelessness, love of social intercourse, and your own voice rather good judgment, tendency to idealize, the impulses and prejudices of an unformed mind are shown. Time's your medicine.

AMATEUR BICYCLIST.--I hope you saw the directions about riding. 2. Your writing shows impulse, quick perception and bright mentality generally. You take life philosophically and have a rather con-

tented, practical and pleasant nature; you are careful, and at times inclined to be obstinate. You love beauty, hate the rigid conventional and beaten track, and though your character is charming it lacks ballast.

NANETTE CATRINA.--Glad I hit your friends off correctly. "Twere almost impossible to go wrong with you. You are impetuous, strong in likes and antipathies, courageous, mindful of details, careful where you bestow confidence, an apt conversationalist and fond of talking; generous, good-tempered, a bit opposed to emotion and sentiment. A bright, strong, self-reliant woman, worthy of respect and affection."

MAB.--Thanks for good wishes. We are doing pretty well. This study is written by a kindly, gentle and ingratiating person, fond of a good time and a good joke, and always more disposed to laugh than cry. Prudence is shown, and some facility. It is not the writing of a cut-and-dried moralist or a person of narrow mind. It is quick rather than strong. Some ambition and good perception are shown. It needs maturing, and time will improve it.

AGNESE.--You have been good to spoon with, and no doubt you have been made love to, to your great contentment. There is a lack of decision, either of purpose or expression, which weakens those tell-tale strokes. I think you have been rather ambitious and clever, and somewhat cultured, and apt to confide in people, and you are feeling, sensitive, kind and loyal; you need more snap and broadmindedness. To me your study is very attractive. There are hints in it of knowledge I have never achieved.

A GAY ADMIRER.--Please forgive me. I don't see what I can do. If you only knew how I go sorrowing often, just for that very incapacity to remember so many kind people. Your writing shows a good deal of dash and impulse, and a healthy energy subdued by refinement and excellent judgment. You are level-headed, tenacious, careful and conscientious; good reason and clear sequence of ideas are shown. You are discreet, and sometimes suppress when you might express thought or feeling; self-reliance, self-assertion and practical turn of mind are shown.

THE KID.--So that's what papa calls you, nice little girl? I'm sure you're "the sort of person to marry." Lucky the man that gets you, too! I am glad you like Lady Gay and me. We won't be jealous of one another. Now, kiddie dear, for your animated little pot-looks! You are a bit tricksome and apt to take freaks; erratic impulse and variable temperament are shown. You are a little too suspicious sometimes, but after all, discretion is a good thing (and a rare one) in a kid. You are original and talented, and pretty independent, and when you have a conviction it is forever. There is a humorous twist in you, and very sweet temper, even if you do like you yawn way. Much more will come later.

BOWDIE.--I. Fortunately your letter came as I was packing to go to the dear old homelike-looking place, and therefore did not make me feel badly. As to those "cheerless" offices, Bowdie, the adjective is unhappy. The cosiest and prettiest little room imaginable is mine. Come and see it when you're down from Hamilton. 2. Your writing shows great refinement, a sympathetic and tactful nature, much love of beauty and cultivated taste, concentration and capacity of intense feeling, some humor, rather an impressionable heart, good, fine, constant will, and a good deal more influence than you think. 3. No, I have never wheeled to that town. Takes too long, and time is precious. You are imaginative, discreet, and rather conservative in opinions, neat and precise in method.

BOA.--I put it in in bed, my friend, with bronchitis, as for several curious reasons I well remember, though I don't know it was rainy till I read your note. I was too ill to remark upon the weather. The Sunday cards are now an institution, so your question answered itself. I like to have them, too. I don't know any cheap seaside resort. Could you believe it if I told you I'd not been more than twice to the seaside in the last twenty years? Prince Edward Island is, I fancy, too far for you. It's not jolly, either, but very pretty. Your writing shows a pleasant, susceptible and honest nature, hopeful, fond of fun, quite lacking in tact and diplomacy, probably a worker, either at school or for your living. I am sorry your enclosure is against rules. You are a practical young dame, but oh! so lacking experience.

LONGER THAN IT OUGHT TO BE.--The name is certainly that, my friend. I don't call your writing bad; it's not striking nor in any way admirable, but then, neither are you. You are just a trifle too studied and self-conscious sometimes, the sort of man who says something, anything, sooner than keep silent. Sometimes you are tiresome, just from over effort to be nice. Nobody is "born a good writer;" that's just like what you would carelessly say. In order to be popular with women you must be what they like, and most of them abhor an anxious striver for their favors. You are an amiable, well meaning but not strong man, loving beautiful and gifted things and people, and honest in spite of your drawbacks. I think you're somewhat nervous, but you have also considerable about you of good material which patience, observation and courage will develop into much improved manhood. Go ahead, my friend; drop self and you'll be all right.



Fifty Years Ago.

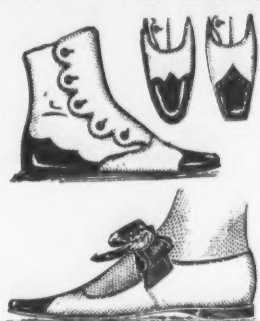
This is the way it was bound to look when grandfather had his "pictier took." These were the shadows cast before The coming of Conjuror Daguerre And his art; like a girl in a pinafore Some day to bloom to a goddess fair. Men certainly were not as black, we know As they pictured them; so years ago.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

began to make new men, just as the new pictures of men began to be made. Thousands of people fronted the camera with skins made clean from blotch and blemish, because they had purified the blood with Ayer's Sarsaparilla. It is as powerful now as then. Its record proves it. Others imitate the remedy; they can't imitate the record!

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Studio and Gallery

On part of the site of the ancient Sherwood Forest, in the midst of glimmering lakes and wooded hills, on which grow the rich cypress, and cedar acacia, and mountain ash, of whose oaks alone a book has been written; midst lawns of smoothest green stands the stately, huge, sad Abbey of Wellbeck, one of England's most interesting and curious ancient mansions, the home of the Duke of Portland—built over the site of the ancient Abbey of Wellbeck, which Thomas de Cuckney reared about 1140, and where for centuries the White Canons prayed for the souls of the pious founder and his family, by the Duke of Newcastle, into whose possession it came by a somewhat circuitous route. But to the fifth Duke of Portland belongs the credit of enlarging and transforming it into what to-day constitutes it the most unique and splendid of English homes, which it took seven millions of money and many years of labor of hundreds of men to accomplish.

We may not speak here fully of its immense riding-house, second only to the Czar's at Moscow, three hundred and eighty-five feet long and one hundred and four feet broad, lighted by eight thousand jets of gas, with a tan gallop of one thousand two hundred and seventy feet; its hunting stables; its little town of outside buildings; its magnificent ball-room with its deep mirror of plate-glass all around it; its multitude of lesser lights backed by mirrors; its radiant pillars, and its ceiling painted as a brilliant southern sky; nor of its numerous subterranean chambers and miles of underground tunnels, with which the park is studded. What we wish to speak of is its collection of paintings, the greatest number of which are in a subterranean picture gallery, a most splendid and imposing room, twenty-two feet high, and more than fifty yards long by thirty wide. The ceiling of this unique gallery, with its three rows of great sky-lights, nine in a row, is a mass of wonderful ornamentation. The two rows of chandeliers that hang between these sky-lights make a marvelous, radiant shimmer of glass and gold when the gallery is lighted up at night. This is the largest private picture gallery in England. Scattered through the upstairs region are multitudes of the works of the best artists. The first Earl of Oxford began to bring together this grand collection and the work has been carried on by his son.

A large book has been written about the pictures of this house above ground and beneath it, so that much could not be said beyond mentioning some of the names of the artists. The collection of Dutch painters is numerous. Countless portraits of the bygone owners by Vandyke, Lely and their successors; golden Titians, Holbeins, Van der Velde are all on the walls of the underground gallery. In the four large drawing-rooms above ground are also pictures innumerable. Half the Royalist history of their time is here. Charles I. and Charles II., works of Raffaele, Titian and Vandyke again, Carlo Dolce, Paul de la Roche's "Napoleon"; portraits of many beauties of the past. And not only pictures are to be found in this treasure-house of rare and beautiful things, but many relics costly and

venerable. The ear-ring Charles I. wore at the block; a graven chalice, out of which King Charles received the communion before his death; the dagger of Henry VIII.; an emerald of Charles II.; the rosary of Henrietta Maria, "the same which I pawned for £3,000;" wonderful cases of miniature portraits divided into three classes, the royal, family, artistic; beautifully embroidered Flemish tapestry, and many other exquisite things too numerous to speak of. The public are allowed on certain conditions to view the underground rooms, the riding-house and the gardens. The rest is simply the home of a private gentleman.

A rather grumbling account of this year's Royal Academy comes from London, the poorest year within the memory of the correspondent. "Over eleven hundred pictures, exclusive of water-colors, miniatures and works in black and white, and not among them all perhaps more than a score that one would care to see again." The works of the American Academicians, Messrs. Sargent and Abbey, suffer somewhat at the hands of this rather captious critic. Messrs. Broughton and Abbey fare better. He is quite afraid for the personal safety of Mrs. Carl Meyer and family, Mr. Sargent's picture, whom he anticipates descending precipitously out of their frame, and does not care to live with the picture, as such a *contretemps* might be expected at any moment. However, as the drawing is apparently quite correct—the perspective as it should be—in all probability they will remain where they are. There is no doubt much good work on it. The Ophelia of Mr. Abbey's Shakespearean scene (Hamlet) he very ungallantly describes as a "village simpleton," and comments in a highly improper fashion on her "pallid visage, unkempt locks and vacant stare." She is not supposed to have lost her reason yet, but if she continues to gaze at the object before her on the floor, no doubt she soon will. This object is intended to be Hamlet, whose anatomy, physical and intellectual, appears to be in quite an unsatisfactory condition; indeed, if the account be true, an ante-mortem examination would, it is strongly suspected, reveal the fact that there are no bones at all beneath the garments. He is aiming a glance at the king, who is seen in the background with his consort—a glance which, unless there should be some suspension of the present laws of nature, will never reach that individual. Too much work also on the supernumeraries. However, there must be some magnificent coloring and reflected lights, and as the composition is "ingenious" there must be much faithful and excellent work in this picture also. It is likely worthy a place in the Royal Academy.

Mr. George H. Broughton's After Midnight Mass, Fifteenth Century, must be a very beautiful picture indeed. The little congregation, in highly artistic dress, dispersing from the chapel at midnight under the bright light of the moon, gives room for much good arrangement, beautiful coloring, the play of light and shade, and solemnity of feeling. All this, no doubt, Mr. Broughton's work shows. His diploma picture, Memories, shows a maiden in dark violet dress leaning over a wall and gazing wistfully at a white-sailed boat speeding across the bay.

It is expected that there will be several official paintings of different scenes in connection with the Jubilee. British artists, it seems, are not likely to be employed. The Queen has a decided preference for Angeli of Vienna for her own portraits. This may be quite excusable, as few painters seem to quite catch the true expression of her countenance, or rather, perhaps it may be, never paint her just as she is in the social circle. Tuxen, the Dane, was employed to paint the Duke of York's wedding and the Royal Christening.

Quite a decline is noticeable almost all over in the number of pictures sold in this last year particularly, arising, probably, out of the state of the financial world; although, indeed, apart from some few wealthy people, good pictures seem to be the thing last purchased.

It is said that orders for paintings to that prince of classical painters, Lawrence Alma Tadema, include the stipulation that there shall be in the picture a piece of some of the rare stuffs he paints so realistically—or rather idealistically—a piece of marble or of the other materials which constitute his pillars and other classical details.

There is no disputing the fact that "Salada" Ceylon Tea has established a name and earned a fame by its incomparable quality that must be very gratifying to those controlling it. Who has not heard of "Salada"? Those who have not already tasted it have yet a treat in store. It is a tea that is strongly recommended by physicians and others as being at once stimulating and delicious.

"Tell me, doctor, what do you consider an ideal case?" "A healthy man with an incurable disease."—Life.

Mountain Guide—There is no better prospect for miles around. Here, gentlemen, you command a view of thirty-two inns.—In der Sommerfrische.

"How is this, Rosa; you are still in mourning, and yet you mean to go to the masked ball?" "What does it matter? I am going as Queen of the Night, all in black."—Kohler Tagblatt.

At an evening party the hostess offered some refreshment to a rather foolish gentleman. Who declined, saying: "You may take an ass to the water, but you can't make him drink." "Then I won't press you any more," was the lady's reply.—El Telegrafo.

"We could adduce a hundred illustrations to prove the advantages of shorthand and the saving of time thereby effected. Only think, gentlemen, it took Goethe forty years to write his Faust; how many years he must have saved if he had known shorthand!"—Dorfbarber.

Gentleman (on the right)—The weather, mademoiselle—Lady—I have already discussed that subject with my neighbor on the left. Gentleman (aside)—The mean scoundrel! We had arranged between us that he should talk about the dinner and I myself about the weather!—Humoristische Blätter.

The SATURDAY NIGHT Building has been very successful as an office building, their being little room to be let. This is an evidence of its popularity and of the wisdom of its location, near the City Hall. There is a nice room now vacant on the first floor which it would be well to inspect if you are thinking of a change. See the business manager.

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Examinations and consultations are without charge at the office, or by mail, week days, between 10 and 4 o'clock.

Address or call on the Abbots Myron Mason Medical Company, Department S.N., 28 Yonge Street, Toronto.

What the Statue Wanted.

A particular London mansion is presided over by a lady of wealth and refinement. She is a very artistic lady, too, and in her house are some unusually fine pieces of painting and statuary.

There is also a Milesian maid, by name Maggie, who knows more about house-cleaning than she does about sculpture, and Maggie has been trying for a long time to cultivate her taste up to the point of properly appreciating the painted and carved beauty with which she daily comes in contact.

Not many days ago the mistress and the maid were going over the house with brush and broom, putting it in special order for an At Home that was to be given to a few artists and fashionable people; and the mistress observed that the maid on three several occasions passed by with cold neglect of cloth and brush a beautiful figure of the Venus de Medici, in an alcove just off the hall.

"Here, Maggie," she called. "Why don't you brush the dust off this figure?"

"Which wan, mem?" enquired Maggie, with great innocence.

"The Venus there in the alcove, of course. See"—and the lady touched it with her finger—"you have left the dust all over it."

"Yis, mem," confessed Maggie, "but I do be thinking for a long time, mem, that there had ought to be something on it, mem."

It was a delightful and logical excuse, but the lady could scarcely accept it, and Maggie's brush removed even the dusty drapery she wished to leave.

Fogs and Gales.

When crossing the Atlantic you will have rare good luck if you don't get into a bank of fog somewhere on the route. Sometimes the ship glides through it in a few minutes, and again you are all smothered in it for days. In itself it is disagreeable, and there is always the danger of collision. Many a good ship has gone to the bottom in that way.

Begging pardon for the triteness of the metaphor, we may say in six words: Human life is like a voyage. We run into things. Now it is a gale, now a fog, now a reef.

It was in the summer of 1888, Mr. H. Farmer says, that he felt as though something had overtaken him, very much as sandstorms overtake caravans in the desert. He wasn't able to name the visitation, but quite able to describe the sensations under it.

From the high hills of health and strength it seemed to him that he had descended into a valley filled with dampness and gloom. He was ill. But of what, and why? He felt tired, he says, and sleepy. The ambition and energy were gone out of him. In the morning he really felt worse than when he went to bed. There was an odd taste in his mouth, and a slimy, bitter, and sickening kind of matter covered his tongue and teeth. The pleasure of eating was no longer a pleasure. His food was on the table at meal times as usual, but he didn't want it. He needed it to be sure, but need is one thing and desire is another.

Yet he swallowed a few mouthfuls, from habit, as we all do in such cases. What had happened to him? Instead of stimulating and making him feel cheery and comfortable, and ready for his day's work, this light breakfast hurt and pained him. "It gave me a gnawing, grinding feeling at the pit of the stomach," he tells us, "with pains at the chest and sides. I was constantly spitting up thick phlegm, and the wind seemed to roll all over me."

Thus afflicted, Mr. Farmer did what any of us would probably have done—he consulted a doctor. Not only one, but another, and another; four in all, successively. But he says no good came of it; their medicines left him where they found him, an ill, weak and miserable man.

Four years," he continues, "I was in this way." Four years of dreary voyaging, without a beam of sunshine or a patch of blue sky the whole time. Even if the average of human life were a hundred years that would be a deal of bad weather, but when you take it out of less than half that—why, it is terrible.

"Well," he adds, "up to May, 1892, nothing had helped me. At that date, however, a friend of mine, Mr. George Tooley, of Small Heath, told me about Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup. I got a bottle from Mr. William Adams, chemist, Winsor Green Road, and after I had taken it a few days I found marked relief. I had evidently got hold of the right medicine at last, and kept on using it. I began to improve; my relish for food came back; the bad feelings I have mentioned left me, and I have ever since been in the best of health. (Signed) H. Farmer, huddersfield, 11 Winsor Green Road, Birmingham, June 9th, 1893."

Time enough has elapsed to show that Mr. Farmer was actually cured by this remedy and not merely relieved temporarily. Now we want to make no affirming or unfair comment on this case, for the exact truth, or the strongest probability, is always best. We don't say that Mr. Farmer would have died had he not taken Seigel's Syrup. His disease, inflammatory dyspepsia, might or might not soon have developed other organic troubles that must have ended his life. At length that must have been the result, as in other instances. But this point we desire the reader to see and admit the truth of: that it is not the complaints that

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quickly kill which most need a remedy, but those that make life miserable and fruitless, and with which we must still work for our bread like rheumatic cripples on a treadmill. Isn't that so? Yes. Are you one of those sufferers? Yes! Then don't wait for years. Begin with Mother Seigel's Syrup to-day.

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all respects but one; he gave absolutely no heed to punctuation marks. When he had finished, the superintendent asked, "Willie, where are your pauses?" Willie dropped his book and held up both hands. "Here they are, sir," he said.

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From an article on the Art of Applause in a recent issue of the *London Musical Times*, I extract the following sensible remarks: "No one, for example, who is in the habit of attending our great choral concerts can have failed to notice the fact that in expressing approval of the efforts of the soloists, the lead is commonly taken by the chorus and not by the audience. This undoubtedly shows a very nice feeling, but it augurs a certain want of lucidity on the part of the chorus. Identified as they are with the performing section of the assemblage, they ought certainly to abstain from expressing their satisfaction until they have received the sanction of the audience, and we would therefore suggest to conductors that they should make it a rule that no applause should be permitted from the members of the chorus until a singer has been recalled, or rises to make a second acknowledgment. This is our first counsel of perfection. The second is that some severe penalty—say fourteen days' imprisonment without the option of a fine—should be inflicted on those gentlemen who insist on bursting out in the middle of a song or an instrumental solo with strident shouts of 'Bra! Bra!' the second syllable being quite inaudible. This peculiar noise, though ostensibly intended to express delight, is much more suggestive of the wrath or indignation of an infuriated gorilla. It must be exceedingly bad for the vocal chords of the individual who emits it, and one would think that it must prove most disconcerting to the performer. It is, we take it, a survival of the Italian tyranny in matters musical, and is regarded as a proof of linguistic accomplishment, much in the same way that a Cockney sportsman on a curling rink thinks it *de rigueur* to assume a broad Scotch accent. But whatever its origin or aim, it is not only hideous in itself, but it materially affects the equilibrium of the genuine music-lover, and on either of these grounds clamors for instant suppression. In this context we may, perhaps, be allowed to protest against the applauder who, by way of advertising his discrimination, elevates his hands to the level of his head and claps at the performer as though he were saying, 'Never mind what this ignorant mob think of your efforts. You know what a highly-cultivated person I am, and here am I, your friend, nobly recognizing your talents at the expense of my gloves.' The affectation of the elevated hand-clap is as odious as that of the high hand-shake, and under an enlightened despot would have been probably punished by the amputation of at least one hand." There is food for reflection in the above. At some of our local choral concerts the members of the chorus not only lead in the applause, but actually monopolize it at times. This, of course, would not be necessary in cases where the audience is sufficiently interested to allow itself to be aroused to a sense of its privileges in this respect. An absolute prohibition of applause on the part of the chorus, as has been the case at some of our choral concerts, is perhaps carrying matters a trifle too far. The ideas suggested in the above article, however, would, if carried out, strike the happy medium; and whilst giving the chorus an opportunity of expressing its approval of the work of soloists who specially distinguish themselves, would not deprive the audience of their undoubted rights to set the ball rolling. It has often impressed me that the indiscriminate applause of some of our choruses, on occasions when the audience is inclined to be somewhat rigid, is nothing more nor less than a cheap device to infuse a little warmth into a performance which refuses to warm up on its own merits.

There is at present a lively discussion going on in one of the leading American musical journals as to the merits of the great Berlin piano teacher, Herr Barth. The discussion has brought out many statements *pro* and *con*, and several interesting facts and assertions having a more or less direct bearing upon the subject. One writer, in discussing the value of a course of music study abroad, says: "There is certainly a musical atmosphere abroad not to be found in this country, and if one wishes the practice of playing with orchestra here it is procured only at great cost, beyond the means of most pupils, while at the German conservatories they enjoy that advantage free of charge. I do not wish to decry American teachers; I think well of many of them, and grant they have brought out great results in certain directions, but do not see why this envious attack should be made against Professor Barth, one of the greatest pedagogues we have to-day. An artist deteriorates in this country; note, for instance, the performances of Arthur Friedheim after a few years' sojourn here, and the wonderful improvement, on the intelligent side, of Teresa Carreno's reading of Beethoven after the late seven years she has spent in Germany. Had she remained always on this side she would never have become the artist she is to-day."

Local readers of the *New York Musical Courier* are becoming somewhat weary of that journal's remarks on the question of foreign versus native artists. The amount of valuable space the *Musical Courier* has wasted in its pitiable efforts to show that foreigners, particularly the de Reszkes, should not be tolerated in this country, would fill many a volume. The most laughable feature of the affair is the impotent rage displayed by the editors of the journal mentioned at the indifference shown by the criticized artists at the attitude of the paper. This, coupled with the amusement of the readers of "America's greatest musical newspaper" at the ill-concealed discomfiture of its editors in what has become a most wear-

some and ridiculous affair, should induce the *Musical Courier* to hang out the white flag and honestly admit its mistake and defeat. The de Reszkes appear to care very little about the voluminous twaddle concerning the subject which appears from week to week, and the public cares less. In Canada, where we have been made to feel the effects of a most disgusting alien labor law which is being enforced by our American cousins, there will not be much sympathy for a silly crusade against foreign artists such as the *Musical Courier* seems to have made its religion during the past few months.

To "ORGANIST."—You should take up a course of study in piano-playing. If it be the height of your ambition to qualify simply as a church organist, you may be able to do fairly well as a student of the pipe-organ solely, provided, of course, that you possess a certain proficiency in the fundamental principles of correct fingering. If, however, you aspire to attain to an honorable position as a professional musician, a serious course of study in the technical and spiritual sides of piano-playing is indispensable. The most successful organists are those who have made a special study of the piano. There may be many organists of great natural talent who have risen to prominence without specially devoting themselves to piano work, but one can safely say that their success would have been infinitely greater had they been supported by a thorough course of technical study on the smaller instrument. By all means begin work on the piano, even though it should necessitate, for a time, giving up organ study. The many improvements which are being made in the actions of pipe-organs have removed the objections sometimes raised against the study of the organ on the grounds of impairing the piano technique of students.

An American writer in discussing the inferior quality of most of our great choruses says: "The musical ear of the public, keen as it is for quality of a single voice, is remarkably dulled when hearing voices in the mass. If a chorus only sing with ponderous tone, even although the quality be harsh and lacking refinement, it will satisfy in most cases. But this is vulgar art. Granted there are times when we would call into existence the fortissimo of a thousand trumpets. But after that how innumerable are the degrees of subdued color and intensity, which a battered, rough instrument, represented by one, two or three hundred voices can never express. There should be preliminary training before art expression, which should have for its object the preparation of an instrument that will respond to the gamut of all emotions."

The Opera House, Mitchell, was the scene of a cultured gathering on Tuesday evening of last week, the occasion being a vocal recital given by Miss Mabel V. Thomson, A.T.C.M., gold medalist Toronto Conservatory 1897. Miss Thomson was in excellent voice and was most enthusiastically received by the audience. Her fine renderings of a number of operatic, classical and sacred selections served to display to advantage the excellent quality of her voice and the care which had been bestowed in her training by her teacher, Mr. Rechab Tandy. Miss Thomson was assisted by Miss Alberta Doble, A.T.C.M., who distinguished herself in several brilliantly played piano solos. Mr. Rechab Tandy and Miss Louise Taylor of Toronto also took part and added much to the success of the event.

Mr. Frank Welsman, who succeeds Mr. Field at the College of Music, has just concluded a successful course of study in Germany under Herr Krause and Herr Schreck, the celebrated Leipzig specialists in piano playing and theory respectively. Mr. Welsman takes up his work at the College of Music at the beginning of the fall term.

The Bayreuth Musical Festival for 1897 began on Monday of last week. Parsifal was given with immense success under Seidl's direction. As in former years, the entire seating capacity of the Wagner Theater for the twenty performances of the festival is reported to have been sold in advance.

The handsome new buildings of the Toronto Conservatory of Music are rapidly approaching completion. They will be entirely completed before the opening of the Conservatory for the coming season's work on September 1 next.

The announcement is made of the intention of the directors of the College of Music to have the pipe-organ of the institution rebuilt with electrical and other modern appliances.

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Social and Personal.

A notable feature of the Newport season was the luncheon given by Mrs. Howard Ogden Wells last Monday at her beautiful summer home, Kenelworth Towers. The company comprised some of the brightest minds of New York and Boston society. The luncheon was in honor of Count Otto Tzerney, who is spending the season at this notable watering-place. Among the guests were: Mrs. and Miss Hamilton, Mr. and Mrs. Carleton Downing, Mrs. Frank D. Hutchings, Miss Alice Payne, the Misses Comar, Mr. Harry Dow, Mr. J. Loftus Henegan, Miss Jessie Marks, Mr. Charles Marden, and Mrs. Alonzo Tomanyi. Mr. J. Loftus Henegan and the Count have become great friends, and are seen frequently riding or sauntering on the beach.

What will frivolity do next month in Toronto? The British Association—how wise and solid that sounds—is to be here, and thought and science and all knowledge must be in the foreground. I think the Association has missed a good deal by not being here sooner. Here only a few days ago nature treated us to a temperature hot enough to excite—curiosity; this week the sun has had an eclipse and the earth has been presented with a supply of rain-water which the strongest temperance advocate would be satisfied with. The Epworth League—but I presume the British Association deals only in leagues of three miles. Is it "three miles one league?" I must brush up my tables. Such doubt will never do for August.

Mrs. Sweny, Judge and Mrs. Kingsmill are at the New Jersey sea coast. Mrs. Sweny is, as I said recently, to be one of the hostesses to members of the British Association.

Old friends at the station caught a glimpse of Mrs. Alder Bliss and Baby Bliss who, with Miss DuMoulin, left for Hamilton on Wednesday.

Mrs. Charles Bath returns to England next month.

Miss Cousineau comes from Paris to spend her vacation in Canada and will stay for a time on Muskoka Lake. She will return to Paris about September 15, to resume her studies in music and singing.

Mrs. E. A. Kilfedder of New York is visiting her daughter, Mrs. S. D. Given of Queen street west.

On Saturday Major Pellatt invited all the Q. O. R. officers and their wives (such as are happy enough to have them) to Cliffside, for an afternoon in that beautiful home on Scarborough cliffs. A most enjoyable time was spent and the weather was perfect. Mrs. Pellatt, who is now getting quite strong after her serious illness, was the perfection of a gracious hostess. On Wednesday evening Major and Mrs. Pellatt gave a small dinner in honor of their guests, Colonel and Mrs. Coke of Brookhill Hall, Alfreton, Derbyshire, at which were: Colonel and Mrs. Otter, Miss Arthurs, Miss Drynan, Mr. Harry Wyatt, and Mr. Norman McCrene. Colonel and Mrs. Coke left town yesterday.

Mr. and Mrs. Osler of Craiglea will entertain Lord and Lady Kelvin next month; Mr. A. G. Vernon Harcourt and Miss Harcourt will be the guests of Dr. and Mrs. Irving Cameron. At the Grange will be Right Hon. James Bryce and Mrs. Bryce, Professor and Mrs. Poulton, and Lieutenant Greely of Arctic Expedition fame. Mrs. John Cawthra will be hostess to Professors Lodge and Morgan. Prince Krapotkin will stay with Professor Mavor. The treasurer of the Association, Professor Rucker of Burlington House, will be a guest at Clover Hill, where Mrs. Kerr Osborne will also entertain Mr. and Mrs. Selous. Mr. Selous, adventures in the Dark Continent are well known the world over.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. McCaffrey have returned to the city, and have taken up house at 46 Bleeker street, where they will be pleased to welcome any of their friends on any Wednesday afternoon or evening.

The Canoe Clubs will foregather at their lovely rendezvous at the Thousand Islands next month, from the sixth to the twentieth.

The 13th band plays at Hanlan's next Wednesday afternoon and evening. The race between the Oriole and the Priscilla, Mr. George Worthington's yacht from Cleveland, takes place also on that day and is anticipated with much interest.

"A week in Muskoka is enough for me," said a fretful-looking woman on the train yesterday. "Well, two weeks wouldn't be," said her companion, who had learned the charm of that bewitching region, which sometimes works slowly.

Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Lee left last week for Cockburn's Point to visit Mr. and Mrs. William Crowther.

Hon. Theodore Bruere of St. Charles, Mo., for some time State Senator of Missouri, is visiting here as the guest of his daughter, Mrs. Frank Roche of Walmer road.

Mrs. R. A. Wood, Miss Wood and Miss Bertha Wood of Isabella street are summering at the Sea Shore House, Old Orchard.

Mr. Jack Featherstonhaugh is back from a jolly vacation as brown as a berry.

Mr. G. Allen Case spent last Sunday at Northcote, the guest of Mr. S. H. James.

The Misses Kerr of 76 Howard street are the guests of their cousin, Mrs. Hugh Brodie, 239 Mountain street, Montreal.

Mrs. G. Sterling Ryerson and family left on Tuesday last for their pretty summer residence at Sturgeon Point. The genial doctor followed on Saturday for a holiday; he happily spends most of his time there with his fine little sons sailing his steam launch.

A Cobourg friend writes: Mrs. Charles Early and Miss Early, of Washington, D.C., are guests at the Arlington for the season. Mrs. Bristol of Toronto is spending the summer at Lakehurst, her father's beautiful home on the shores of the lake. Last Monday evening

Mme. Albertini gave a large reception at her residence, which was largely attended by American friends and townspeople, who enjoyed immensely the exquisite singing of this charming and popular chatelaine. Mrs. Wells of Hamilton House gave a very enjoyable musicale on Thursday evening. Mrs. Bell gave a pleasant afternoon tea to many friends at her summer home. Miss Kirkpatrick and Miss Bessie Macdonald, of Toronto, spent a few days last week with Mrs. Mackenzie Alexander at Cedarvale. The Misses Frost of St. Louis, Mo., are visiting Mrs. Wells. Mrs. Fraser of Windsor is visiting her daughter, Mrs. Henry Holland.

This Saturday will be brilliant at Niagara-on-the-Lake, for all the crack yachts of the two lakes will be gathered off Missassauga Point for the L.Y.R.A. regatta, which Niagara with its wonted sporting energy is giving. This evening the sailor lads in their blue and white will brighten the Queen's Royal ball-room, and gladden the hearts of the many summer maidens who cluster around Niagara-on-the-Lake.

Mr. and Mrs. E. G. Foulkes are at the Queen's Royal Hotel, Niagara, where they will spend the month of August.

Mr. Gibb of the Imperial Bank, Vancouver, B.C., paid a flying visit to friends last week, returning to the West on Monday.

Mr. Howard Irish had a great hustle to get up a smart crew for the Priscilla for last Tuesday, but the downpour of rain put the race out of the question.

Mr. Fred J. Campbell returned this week from a flying visit to Montreal and Quebec. Mr. Willie Burritt has been sailing for two weeks and got back on Sunday. The various Brownies are getting their complexions up to concert pitch—not quite pitch—mahogany rather.

The children's fancy dress ball, which is the great juvenile event of the Niagara season, will be held in the Queen's Royal ball-room on Wednesday evening next.

Niagara is the only place as yet in Canada which has successfully accomplished a battle of flowers on bicycles, and it looks as though the Canadian Newport might almost in time rival the floral fetes of Nice and Cannes. The floral parade on wheels and bicycle gymkhana take place on the green of the Queen's Royal Hotel on Friday and Saturday of next week, August 6 and 7. On Friday afternoon the parade of decorated wheels is formed and the procession will go around the town square with a finish at the Queen's Royal, where the prizes will be awarded. I hear of some beautiful designs which are being made by Dunlop, the florist for the occasion, and as there are individual prizes, team prizes, and prizes for ensembles, including costumes as well as wheels, there should be a remarkably pretty array. After the battle of flowers on Friday the programme is devoted to juvenile races. On Saturday the sports take place, and these include many novel and interesting events, such as the Gretna Green race, the Stern scurry for men only, the egg and spoon race, tent-pegging, obstacle race, tilting at the ring, and describing the figure eight. Of course there will be a bicycle dance to conclude the festivities.

At The Penetanguishene are: Mrs. India Brown, Mrs. L. F. Coleman, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. G. Ford, Mr. and Mrs. G. E. Thing, Mr. and Mrs. L. G. Gordon, Dr. and Mrs. Geo. W. Lewis, Messrs. Geo. T. Roberts, W. G. Richard, Dr. P. C. Hammersmith, Arthur T. Damsby, Geo. Enos, L. Enos, Hon. Wm. Flinn, Messrs. Geo. Flinn, Rex Flinn, Geo. L. McFarlane, A. C. Robertson, J. B. Doherty, Geo. Darr, J. W. Crawford, Robt. Ostermair, J. B. Jones, Wm. H. Slack, Jas. D. McGill, Wm. M. McGill, Jas. Bocomer, Thos. D. Chantler, P. S. Hudson, Mrs. S. A. Bryant, Misses S. M. and Bessie Bryant, Miss A. Curry, Dr. G. E. Curry, Misses H. M. and Ella M. Barker, Messrs. A. K. and W. P. Barker, Mr. and Mrs. Leonard S. Smith, Mr. and Mrs. R. N. Tayntor, Miss Grace T. Wood, Mrs. Geo. Caldwell, Miss Harvey, Mr. and Mrs. E. D. Bosworth, Mrs. J. H. Serff, Mrs. E. A. Osborneson, Miss Dot Osborneson, Miss Dorbeck, Mr. L. H. Bryant, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Miller, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Belt, Miss Ada Belt, Miss M. Henderson, Misses Rose E. and Elizabeth Cline, Dr. and Mrs. Wm. W. Coldham, Judge Coldham, Mr. and Mrs. T. A. Taylor, Dr. and Mrs. Vernon, Mr. and Mrs. John R. Barber, Miss McLeod, Mr. T. A. Hicks, Mr. and Mrs. J. Dornbusch, Judge and Miss Patterson, Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Dudley, Mrs. A. and Miss Lula Morgan, Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Huestis, Sir Frank Smith, Mr. Harvey Smith, Mrs. Harrison, Major and Mrs. A. M. Cosby, Mr. John Paton, Miss M. A. Labatt, Mr. Geo. P. Sharkey, Mr. J. E. Clement, Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Sayles, Mr. W. B. Rankin, Hon. Jackson Wallace, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. McVeane, Mr. E. Buffam, Mr. A. Cecil Gibson, Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Suydam, and the Misses Scarfe.

The following are summering at Cleveland House, Lake Rosseau: Mrs. E. Stafford, Master M. Stafford, Mrs. A. Jones, Master A. Jones, Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Semple, Master Montague Semple, Messrs. W. G. Anderson, Charles N. Haldenby, Frank G. Bowers, Mr. and Mrs. Dick, Miss Maud Hillary, Miss Ursula Archey, Mr. Martin A. Meny, Miss Grace Meny, Fred. A. McKay, Miss Lucia G. Stanton, Mrs. McGregor, Miss M. H. Harris, Mrs. W. E. Sewell, Miss A. L. Mickle, Mr. S. Davies, Mrs. J. A. Ward, Miss Baxter, Mr. P. H. Black, Miss Black, Mrs. Bellhouse, Mr. G. Bellhouse, Dr. and Mrs. Browning, Miss Williams, Mrs. W. J. Mathews, Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Stuart, Mr. and Mrs. T. M. Bristol, Master Raymond Bristol, Master Harlow Bristol.

The people at Grimsby Park have enjoyed a rare stereopticon treat during the last few evenings. Mr. Frank Yeigh of Toronto, with his clear descriptive power and beautiful stereopticon views, spoke to large audiences on Monday and Tuesday evenings. More people than usual have moved into the grounds during the past week, owing very largely to the programme attractions. Among those who have recently come to reside at Park House are the following Toronto people: Mr. and Mrs.

Ladies' Autumn & Winter Materials

FROM THE OLD COUNTRY

AT MANUFACTURERS' PRICES

Full range of patterns sent post free to any address of Dress Materials in a large and choice variety, also price list of Flannels, Shirtings, Furs, Underclothing, Suitings, Blankets, &c., &c., at first hand.

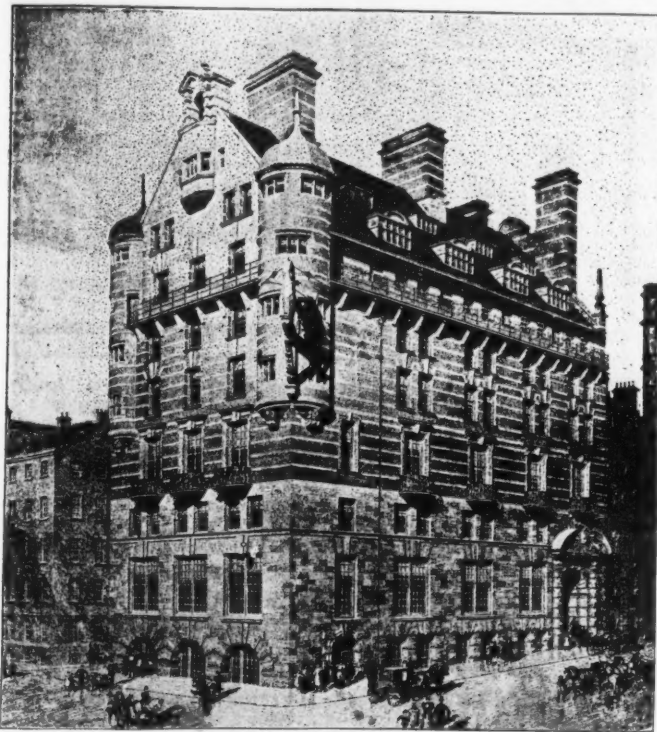
THREE SPECIAL LINES

Wylwyrwell (will wear well) Melton, in black and several colors, double width. Price 18c. per yd. Wylwyrwell Serge, in black and colors, also in shots, double width. Price 30c. per yard. Wylwyrwell Habit Cloth, in black and 30 colors, double width. Price 42c. per yard. Carriage paid to Canada for 42c. extra for each 6 yards. Send for a sample length or write for patterns.

LUTAS LEATHLEY & CO., Manufacturers, ARMLEY, Leeds, England

OXFORD DUET RADIATORS

MANUFACTURED BY
The Gurney Foundry Co., Limited, Toronto
The Gurney-Massey Co., Limited, Montreal



ARE USED THROUGHOUT THIS, THE NEW OFFICE BUILDING, OF
The WHITE STAR LINE STEAMSHIP CO.
LIVERPOOL, ENGLAND

T. J. Malcolm, Mrs. George E. Challes, Mr. and Mrs. George Ham, Mr. F. A. Henson, Mr. Charles Wrench, Mr. and Mrs. Martin Love, At Lake View Hotel: Mr. and Mrs. William Radcliffe, Mrs. Arthur A. McKay, Mrs. H. R. Frankland, Miss Somerset, Mr. C. D. Macdonell, Mr. A. D. McMaster, Mr. E. S. Glasco, Mr. James A. Meldrum, Mrs. A. Hastings. Some who have come to reside in cottages are: Mr. and Mrs. W. Ferguson, Mr. J. B. Hayes, Misses Toye and Dunbar, Mrs. C. S. Jones.

The following guests are registered at Maplehurst Hotel, Muskoka: Lieutenant and Mrs. A. G. Lott of Fort Myer, Mr. C. S. Wilkie, Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Tackaberry, Hon. and Mrs. S. C. Wood, Miss Wood, Miss Ireland, Mr. L. K. Wood, Mr. F. W. Christie, Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Foy, Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Austin of Toronto, Mr. A. Rowan of Greenock, Scotland, Hon. and Mrs. F. S. Harris, Mr. W. N. Borden of Philadelphia, Miss Pinckard, Miss B. Pinckard, Miss C. Pinckard of New Orleans, Mr. F. H. Leach of St. Catharines, Mr. C. E. Youmans of Savannah, Ga., Mr. and Mrs. O. M. Dyer of Brooklyn, N.Y., Mr. and Mrs. F. I. Jenners of Lafayette, Ind.

The following are the latest arrivals at the Peninsular Park Hotel, Big Bay Point, Lake Simcoe: Mrs. H. Block, the Misses Block, Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Kenny, the Misses Kallinger, Mrs. and Miss Mannell, the Misses Carrier, Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Cragg, Mr. H. Abram of Toronto; Mrs. W. and Miss Briggs, Miss Blanche Sprague, Miss Conner of Jamestown, N.Y.; Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Gilmore of Rochester, N.Y.; Mr. and Mrs. S. H. Cragg, Miss Helen Cragg, Mr. Walter Cragg, and Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Hannon of Brooklyn, N.Y.

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Mullens will spend August in Port Hope.

Commodore Emilius Jarvis left for Montreal on Wednesday with the Bonshaw, by the Passport. He has for a crew on the new boat Messrs. J. McMurray and Temple McMurrich.

Mr. and Mrs. James Crocker and Mrs. Charles E. Kyle are at Avon Springs, N.Y.

Mrs. (Dr.) Ball of Sherbourne street has gone to the seaside for the summer.

Mrs. and Miss Bridgeman, who have been staying at the Arlington for some months, have gone out of town for a few weeks.

For Yachting and Camping Out.

There are distinctive features peculiar to the standing style of yachting garments for gentlemen. These features are happily emphasized by Henry A. Taylor, draper, the Rossin Block. Just now yachting is so much in vogue, a hint on what's correct will be quite in season. The coat is cut in the reefer style, is double-breasted, with four anchor or club crest buttons on each breast. The coat is cut fairly easy fitting, and made with double-stitched edges. The vest is made in the French (or no collar) style, the edges finished to match the coat. The trousers are cut full and can be made of same material as coat—blue serge or chevrot—but duck is quite the thing and much worn. The vest also would be considered proper in a fancy linen or duck.

Hot or Cold

"Reindeer" Brand
CONDENSED COFFEE

is a delicious beverage.

Everyone likes it.

Experienced campers are never without it.

Saves Time and Trouble and is economical.

ALL GROCERS

SUMMER RESORTS.

Grimsby
THE CHAUTAUQUA OF CANADA
Park

Strangers in the city desirous of spending a few days at this charming summer resort, situated midway between Niagara Falls and Hamilton, can do so at most reasonable rates.

Lake View Hotel, \$2 per day

Park House, \$1 per day

Steamer QUEEN CITY makes three trips per week during July and every day in August. Return fare 35c., which includes admission to the Park for the day.

Hamilton Steamboats and Trolley Cars, round trip, good for the season, \$1.25.

Illustrated programme giving all particulars may be had on application to the Methodist Book Room.

NOAH PHELPS, President. W. C. WILKINSON, Secretary.

A Charming Summer Resort

HOTEL HANLAN

TOURISTS knew the peaceful rest, recreation, comfort and healthfulness to be enjoyed at a moderate expense at this hotel, the question which is freely discussed in every family circle. Where shall we spend the summer? would be at once decided in our favor. Special rates for families for the season. Booklets on application.
M. A. THOMAS, Manager.
F. M. THOMAS, Resident Manager.

Swept by Cool Lake Breezes

QUEEN'S ROYAL Hotel and Cottages

THE NEWPORT OF CANADA
Hops every Saturday Evening. Dances during the week. L. Y. R. A. Yacht Regatta July 30 and 31. Bicycle Tourney and Battle of Flowers Aug. 6 and 7. Special rate Saturday to Monday, including return fare by Niagara Navigation Company's splendid steamers, \$5. Tickets at Queen's Hotel.

Stratton House

Port Carling, Muskoka

Now Open for the Season

Rates on application.
JOHN FRASER, Proprietor.

The Monteith House

... MUSKOKA ...

Is beautifully situated within two hundred yards of THE FAMOUS SHADOW RIVER
Has the most modern sanitary arrangements of any hotel in this region, has been entirely redecorated and renovated this season, and has daily mail and express. Telegraph office in the building. Cuisine first-class.
Rates cheerfully quoted on application to—
JOHN MONTEITH, Proprietor.

STEAMBOAT LINES.

Niagara River Line

STEAMERS

'CHIPPEWA', 'CHICORA', 'CORONA'

5 TRIPS DAILY (EXCEPT SUNDAY)

On and after Saturday, July 10, leave 7, 9, 11 a.m., 2 and 4.45 p.m. Arrive 10.30 a.m., 1.15, 4.15, 8.15 and 10.15 p.m.
Passengers leaving Toronto at 4.45 p.m. by steamer CORONA can make connection with steamer CHICORA at Niagara-on-the-Lake and return to Toronto.

JOHN FOY, Manager.

DOUBLE TRIPS

Empress of India

AND G. T. R. SYSTEM

Daily at 7.40 a.m. and 3.20 p.m. for

St. Catharines, Niagara Falls, Buffalo, Rochester

AND ALL PORTS EAST.

Tickets at all G. T. R. and leading ticket offices and on wharf.

CIVIC HOLIDAY AT HANLAN'S POINT

Forenoon at 10.30 Champion Baseball

SCRANTON VS. TORONTO

Afternoon at 2 o'clock Grand Lacrosse Match
TWIN CITY CLUB VS. TECUMSEH
(Berlin and Waterloo, and Championship Baseball)
SCRANTON VS. TORONTO
Both for one price of admission. General admission 25c. Grand stand box extra. Reserved seats now on sale at Harold A. Wilson's, 35 King St. West.



Special Midsummer Offers in... Household Napery

Several hundred LINEN DAMASK TABLE CLOTHS, 2 yds. by 2 1/2 yds., at \$1.75, \$2 and \$2.50 each. Other sizes, from 3 to 7 yards long, and some very special lots of 1/2 and 3/4 TABLE NAPKINS.
SPECIAL OFFERS in
Huck Towels and Towellings.
Turkish Towels, in Brown Linen and White Cotton.
Quilts, Blankets and Sheetings, all at prices of special interest to housekeepers.

NOTE—
Our Linen Crash Suitings at 12c. per yard.
Our Linen Crash Walking Skirts at \$1.50.
Our White Duck Skirts at \$1.25 and \$1.50 each.
Our great One Dollar Shirt Waist Sale.
Our specials in Silk Moire Sash Ribbons at 30c. and 35c.
Our display of Ladies' Linen Collars, Cuffs and Neckties.
Our display of Ladies' Tartan Silk and Leather Belts.
Our stock of Hemstitch and Embroidered Linen Handkerchiefs.
Mail Orders receive careful and prompt attention.

John Catto & Son
King Street, Toronto

...GRAND...

Garden Party

IN AID OF THE

SACRED HEART ORPHANAGE

AT

SUNNYSIDE GROUNDS

ON THE

Afternoon & Evening of Saturday, Aug. 21

TICKETS - 25 CENTS

Brass and String Band in Attendance

Upper Canada College

Founded 1829

PRINCIPAL—G. R. PARKIN, M.A., LL.D.

This College will REOPEN ON SEPTEMBER 14th. Full particulars about admission will be furnished on application to the Bursar, or to Mr. Martland, who, in the Principal's absence during July and August, will be at the College each Thursday, from 2 to 6 p.m., for personal consultation. Letters requiring the Principal's personal attention will be forwarded.

Deer Park, Toronto, July, 1897.

Property for Sale

Prettiest Home in Parkdale

Large lot Fruits. Small payment. Balance easy terms

Call at 72 West Lodge Avenue.

Social and Personal.

Mr. and Mrs. Oliver Macklem and Mrs. Street Macklem are summering at Georgian Bay.

Mrs. Clarence Denison has returned from a visit to relatives in the East.

Mrs. Fred Denison and her family are at her island in Muskoka Lake.

Mrs. Cattermole of London, Ont., is spending a few weeks with her son, Dr. J. F. Cattermole of 27 Carlton street.

Port Sandfield, Muskoka, is brighter than ever this season. The young people are all busily engaged making preparations for the annual regatta, which takes place early in August, and are also arranging another "German" and a set of amateur theatricals, which will take place next week, this being the very height of the season at this charming summer resort.

Mrs. Charles O'Reilly is summering at Maplehurst, Muskoka.

The pleasant family party at Mr. Langmuir's residence, Tyndall avenue, will be dispersed shortly. The Misses Langmuir have gone to visit their sister, Mrs. Porter, Mrs. and Miss Muntzinger are leaving shortly for New York, and Mr. Langmuir goes to England on Wednesday week.

Mr. W. H. Collinson of Sherbourne street has removed to 51 Elm avenue, Rosedale.

Mrs. S. Harris of Metcalf street and her mother, Mrs. Currie, are spending the summer at Stony Lake.

A friend writes me: "I must tell you all about my little unexpected adventure last Tuesday evening, that awful night when the rain came down in torrents. By the way, had it not been for the weather, this *petit histoire* would never have been written. I had left the office (and, as I thought, all ideas of writing behind me) on my wheel, and was going quietly home about nine o'clock, when down came the rain, and I sought shelter under one of those friendly trees which are so handy on our pretty thoroughfares. I don't suppose I had been standing there more than five minutes (wishing myself at home in my sanctum) when the sound of voices (in apparent distress) attracted my attention, and on trying to locate the quarter whence they came my eye caught the glare of a well-lighted room. Being, as you know, of a somewhat inquisitive turn of mind, I stole up to the house (it was only a step from where I had been standing)—mean of me! Well, yes—but I was always a busybody—and the sight which met my gaze would have no doubt caused dear old good Inspector Archibald to have fallen *hors de combat* across the track. There, sitting around a table, were at least eight or nine women, old and young, fat and thin, deep in a game of draw. 'I bet ten cents,' 'Who opens it?' 'Give me three cards,' 'It's my pot.' Such were the sounds which wafted through the open window (and, by the way, in not very good English at that), and which caused me to question a guardian of the peace, who was standing underneath a friendly tree, as to what manner of place that was. 'Oh, that's a private house. But they must be on a sight of gambling there. I've been on this beat now for over a year and to my mind such going-on ought to be stopped, or they ought to keep their windows closed if they want to play cards. Of course it's none of my business.' And the friendly bobby moved on, giving a look back at me as much as to say: 'I suppose you will find something to write about.' And I did, and I must say that I arrived at the same conclusion as my informant, that if ladies wish to gamble they should do so with closed doors and windows, and not allow their doings and sayings to be food for public comment.

The friends of Mr. and Mrs. Ivens of Ontario street will be pleased to hear their son Edmund, who was shipwrecked on the coast of Labrador ten days ago, is expected home in a few days.

Mr. and Mrs. T. J. MacIntyre of Huron street, and Miss Olive Scanlon of Bloor street, left this week for Port Sandfield, Muskoka Lakes, where they will spend some weeks.

Messrs. C. A. B. Brown and Edgar A. Badenach returned on Wednesday from a visit to Mrs. Badenach's beautiful villa on the Georgian Bay, near the Nottawasaga River. There is quite a house-party, consisting of the Misses Hastings, Mrs. Mackie and two sons, and Mrs. Cole of Stayner.

Mr. Larne Sinclair of Wellesley street, and Mr. Percy Temple of Grosvenor street, two of our popular young men, are having a very enjoyable time summering on the Island.

A correspondent writes: Mr. Fred T. Butler has the heartfelt sympathy of a wide circle of friends in the loss of his wife, whose death was very sudden, occurring while Mr. Butler was in Winnipeg. Mrs. Butler was the youngest daughter of the late Edward Lawson. A loving husband and four little ones mourn the loss of a devoted wife and mother.

The Contrary Japs.

In Japan—if the bull may be permitted—after-dinner speeches are made before dinner, thus insuring brevity, and furnishing the topics for conversation. In Feudal and Modern Japan, the author states that it is the absorbing desire of the young ladies to grow old, that they may share the reverence given to age.

The best rooms of the house are in the rear. A Japanese entering it takes off his shoes instead of his hat. If he takes up a book to read, he opens it at the back. He reads from right to left, instead of from left to right. The letters are arranged vertically instead of horizontally. The larger margin of the page is at the top instead of at the bottom, and the foot-notes are at the top.

If he writes a letter, he will take a roll instead of a sheet, write along the curve of the roll a missive which begins exactly as one of ours would end, and *vice versa*, and then putting it into an envelope opening at the end, and addressing it to the United States, Ohio, Cincinnati.



Clevelands Clevelands Clevelands

Good Second-Hand

wheels that have been thoroughly overhauled at our factory, and are equal to any new \$100 machine.

Greatly Reduced Prices

H. A. LOZIER & CO., 169 Yonge St.

Heaters that Heat!

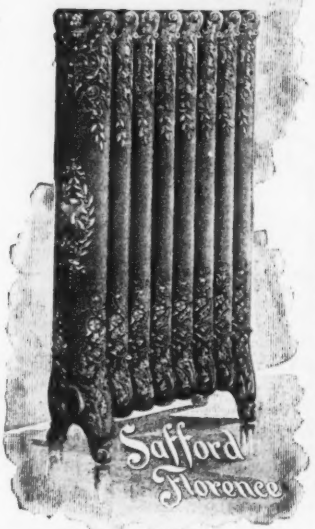
Chameleon like, the nineteenth century is dying in a glorified ecstasy of inventions, with none greater than the

"Safford" PATENT Radiators

For Hot Water and Steam they are the apotheosis of all that is perfection in heating goods.

Made only by...

The TORONTO RADIATOR MAN'G CO., Ltd.
TORONTO, Ont.
The Largest Radiator Manufacturers Under the British Flag



nati, Smith, John, Mr., he will seal it, turn it over and put his postage-stamp on the back.

Helpless for a Year.

Bowed Down with Rheumatism and Sciatica. From the Post, Sackville, N. B.

Records like the following carry conviction with them, and in a practical sense it might be said that this is still the age of miracles. Mr. Edward Downey, of Macan, N.B., says: "I have been a resident of Cumberland Co. some years. I have been a great sufferer for upwards of ten years with sciatic rheumatism. I was tortured with severe pains which at times would become almost unbearable, and I think I suffered almost everything a man can suffer and live. I was so crippled that I could not work and part of the time was not able to even move about. I became so weak, and my system so run down that I despaired of ever getting better. My case was an almost hopeless one, and as I had abandoned work I was almost helpless for over a year. I heard of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and I was induced to at least give them a trial. In a short time I began to recover, and the agonizing pains left my back and limbs, so that I was enabled to walk out of doors. Before I had used more than half a dozen boxes I was entirely well and could do a hard day's work. I had a good appetite and began to gain flesh and feel like a new man. I am free from aches and pains and have Dr. Williams' Pink Pills to thank for it all." The reporter could not help feeling that Mr. Downey's case was a striking one, as he now presents a stout, well built figure, straight limbed and as smart in his movements as a young man of twenty.

He Missed the Pun.

Washington Star.

Many years ago, when the Press Club was in existence, a British newspaper man was at the Club one evening. He had been in Washington for some time and was leaving the next day. Mr. Karl Decker made a speech to him.

"Mr. So-and-So," said Mr. Decker, "you have spent some time with us, and have made many friends. We have become attached to you. You are going away to-morrow, and we may never see you again, but in order that you may always have something by which to remember us, on behalf of the Press Club I present you this ring."

And then he struck the call bell on the reading-table near him. The Englishman looked a trifle bewildered for a bit, then he reached out his hand, thanked the Club and pocketed the bell. And—bless his simple English heart—

FOOD

...FOR...

Brain, Body and Nerves

Phospho-Cereal Nervine Coffee
Shredded Whole Wheat Biscuits
Ralston Breakfast Food

TO BE HAD AT

R. BARRON'S

726 & 728 Yonge St.

Phones 3255, 4075

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BEAUTY!

Ladies are in a flutter over the wonderful new invention and magic beautifier—the "Paris Face Steamer." It absolutely removes wrinkles and all facial blemishes, giving to the face a purity, glowing purity. Crowds of ladies are buying them and are unanimous in their opinion—that it is the most wonderful beautifier yet produced. Manufactured only by the Paris Face Steaming Co., 11 King St. W., upstairs, over the Basinette.

next morning he told another newspaper man how kind the Press Club had been to him and what a lovely presentation speech Mr. Decker had made.

"Mr. Decker must have been awfully nervous, you know," he said, "though he didn't show it, for he said: 'I present you this ring,' and don't ye know, it wasn't a ring at all, it was a bell."

Wrong Conclusion.

The Canadian Gazette tells an amusing story of one who was too quick at drawing an inference. It happened that a Glasgow professor who was visiting Canada with the British Association in 1884 was desirous of seeing some-

New Patterns, Colors, Leathers

IN...

Hand Bags

For Ladies or Gentlemen

Made in all sizes, from 10 to 18 inches



MANUFACTURED BY...

The JULIAN SALE LEATHER GOODS CO., LIMITED

Tel. 233

105 KING ST. WEST, TORONTO

...MAKERS OF...

FINE LEATHER AND TRAVELING GOODS

JOHN KAY, SON & CO.

...SPECIAL VALUES...

White Muslin Curtains:

- "Dotted frill, 44 in. x 9.0 \$1.25 and \$1.50 per pair.
- "Embroidered border and frill, 50 in. x 10.6, \$2.50 and \$2.75 per pair.
- "Dotted all over and frill, 50 in. x 10.6, \$2.75, \$3.00, \$3.50 per pair.
- "Handsome border, 38 in. x 9.0, \$1.50 per pair.
- "Fine open work border, 50 in. x 10.6, \$2.35 and \$2.50 per pair.
- "Fine open work border } 39 in. x 9.0, \$2.65 and \$2.75 per pair
- "Extra fine quality
- "Extra fine quality, 39 in. x 10.6, \$3 per pair.

We can confidently recommend these goods for Chambers, Boudoirs, etc., and have pleasure in inviting inspection.

John Kay, Son & Co 34 King St. West TORONTO

thing of North-Western life, and for this purpose repaired to an Alberta ranch.

I fixed him up as well as I could, the rancher says, but he complained that he did not like sleeping with his clothes on. So after the first night I stretched a cowskin across the shack, and told him he might undress if he liked. He took off most of his garments, and put on a long white night-dress. In the morning my foreman came in while the gentleman was still sleeping. Observing the white night-dress, he said in a whisper:

"Rather sudden, eh?"
"What?" I asked.
"The death of the old man."
"He's not dead; he's asleep," I explained.
"Then what's he wearin' them biled clothes for?" was the reply. "Never saw a chap laid out in biled clothes afore, 'cept he were dead."

The Yukon Country and How to Reach There.

As there is some uncertainty in the minds of the public as to the chances of reaching the Yukon country before winter sets in, we are informed by Mr. H. G. McMicken, general agent of the Great Northern Railway, that his line have made arrangements to forward passengers and freight by a special steamer leaving Seattle August 5 for the Yukon Gold Fields. Beautiful illustrated booklet on Alaska with maps, etc., mailed on receipt of 15 cents in stamps. Address, H. G. McMicken, 2 King street east.

The Cradle, the Altar and the Tomb.

Births.

CAMPBELL—On Sunday, July 25, at 200 Ossington avenue, the wife of A. M. Campbell of a son.
GUNN—July 25, Mrs. Andrew Gunn—a son.
HUDSON—July 21, Mrs. A. G. Hudson—a son.
TRIPP—July 3, Mrs. L. A. Tripp—a son.
STONE—July 22, Mrs. J. Fred Stone—a son.
DAVIDSON—July 25, Mrs. N. Ferris Davidson—a daughter.
FAIRCLOUGH—July 25, Mrs. W. E. Fairclough—a son.
McCULLOUGH—July 24, Mrs. C. R. McCullough—a son.
TROOP—July 24, Mrs. J. Carter Troop—a son.
MASSEY—July 26, Mrs. Arthur L. Massey—a son.
STUPART—July 24, Mrs. R. F. Stupart—a son.
WILLIAMS—July 21, Mrs. E. G. Williams—a son.

Marriages.

PHAIR—CHURCHILL—At Toronto, on July 26, by Rev. Geo. J. Bishop, assisted by Rev. Peter Addison, Dr. W. R. Phair of Granton, Wis., to Rose Churchill of Toronto.
LUGEDIN—SLEEP—July 21, Horace Lugedin to Agnes Sleep.
WELLS—SHAIN—July 28, Gerald A. Wells to Zada A. Shain.
MENZIES—ROBB—May 31, Rev. James Menzies to Davina Robb.
THOMSON—HARSTONE—July 22, Albert M. Thomson to Rebecca Harstone.
SCOTT—YOUNG—July 21, Rev. J. McP. Scott to Lizzie Young.

Deaths.

BRACKIN—July 27, Elizabeth M. Brackin, aged 71.
WALKER—July 28, Sarah C. Walker.
DEDRICKSON—July 28, Ellen Dedrickson, aged 42.
HARRIS—July 28, William D. Harris, aged 32.
McVITY—July 29, Robert McVity.
WARDLAW—July 22, Jas. L. Wardlaw, aged 82.
COWLING—July 21, William Cowling, aged 77.
EAMES—July 22, George A. Eames, aged 19.
MORRISON—July 22, Angus Gilmer Morrison.
PEARSON—July 23, Robert Pearson, aged 64.
COLLATION—July 24, Jane Collation, aged 73.
NOVERRE—July 28, Marian Noverre.
HUNTER—July 26, Daniel Hunter, aged 37.
TAGGART—July 24, Mary Taggart.
McINTYRE—July 27, Mary McIntyre.
WOOD—Oregon, July 8, Dr. G. L. Wood.

MILLS—July 27, Elizabeth Mills, aged 58.
SULLIVAN—July 28, Fanny M. Sullivan, aged 18.

FUNERAL NOTICE

The PROPER furnishing and conducting of FUNERALS at a cost that does not make them a burden an ART with us.

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Jugs (all sizes)
Biscuits
Cheese Covers, Etc.

JOSEPH IRVING, Importer

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Will issue return tickets for

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Good going July 31 and August 1 and 2, returning until August 3

TO ALL STATIONS IN CANADA

HAMILTON RACES

Return tickets Toronto to Hamilton, \$1.00. On sale July 27th to August 7, inclusive. Good for return date of sale or following day. Tickets sold July 31st good for return up to and including August 3rd for \$1.00. Tickets sold August 7th. Good for return August 9th for \$1.30.

ALASKA GOLD FIELDS

Steamer "Islander" will leave Victoria, B. C., on special trip July 28th and August 15th for Dyea, Alaska, port en route to Klondike, Yukon Gold Fields. Cabin passage, Victoria to Dyea, \$10. Full particulars at Toronto Ticket Office, 1 King Street East.